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LOPEZ & WEMYSS' EDITION.

NO. 1.

OF THE

ACTING AMERICAN THEATRE.

THE COMEDY OF

WILD OATS,

WITH A PORTRAIT OF MR. FRANCIS,

(FATHER OF THE AMERICAN STAGE,)

AS

SIR GEORGE THUNDER.

The Plays carefully corrected from the Prompt books of the *PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.*

By M. Lopez, Prompter.

PUBLISHED BY A. R. POOLE, CHESNUT STREET.

FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

And to be had of all the principal booksellers in the

UNITED STATES.

Price, 37½ cents.

J. R. M. Bicking, Printer,—1826.

PROPOSALS.

In presenting to the Public the first Numbers of the Acting American Theatre, the proprietors feel a pleasure in producing a specimen of American Work, which they trust will satisfy their patrons, of their determination to set emolument aside.

The want of a work, in which would be combined the excellence of the most perfect copy, with the manner of its exhibition on the Stage, a *desideratum* to the profession and an advantage to the public, induced the late Mr. Oxberry to commence his edition, the usefulness of which has been sufficiently tested; had that work been peculiarly adapted to this country, it would have been arrogance in us to have entered the lists, but it is not :—a comparison of the copy of Oxberry, with the representation on the Stage, will at once show how necessarily the English plays have been Americanized, it is our object to print them as represented on the American Stage, and the proprietors hope to give general satisfaction on this head.

It is intended to embellish each number with a characteristic portrait of some performer on the American boards. The portraits will as far as practicable be executed by Mr. Neagle, and the engraving by Mr. Longacre, both Americans ; possessing talents which rank them high in public opinion.

Each piece will be faithfully printed from its respective official copy in the Library of the Philadelphia Theatre.

Every exertion will be made to obtain Original American Dramas, which will be printed as early as possible.

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TERMS.

A Number will be printed every two weeks, embellished with a Portrait, in every way equal to the first Number, at Thirty-seven and a half cents.

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Mr. FRANCIS.

AS SIR GEORGE THUNDER

You examine him. *Act 4. Scene 6.*

Engraved by J.B.Longacre from a painting by J. Neagle.

Lopez & Weinyss' Edition.

Published by A. K. Lock Philad.a

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Persons Represented.

	1822. *Philadelphia.*	1820. *Drury Lane.*
Sir Geo. Thunder	Mr. Francis.	Mr. Dowton.
Harry Thunder	Mr. Darley.	Mr. Penley.
Rover	Mr. Wemyss.	Mr. Elliston.
Banks	Mr. Wheatly.	Mr. Powell.
John Dory	Mr. Warren.	Mr. Gattie.
Ephraim Smooth	Mr. Jefferson.	Mr. Munden.
Farmer Gammon	Mr. Hathwell,	Mr. Meredith.
Sim	Mr. Burke.	Mr. Knight.
Lamp	Mr. Johnson.	Mr. Keeley.
Trap	Mr. Bignall.	Mr. Vining.
Landlord	Mr. Murray.	Mr. Smith.
Twitch	Mr. Scrivener.	Mr. Elliot.
Sailors	Messrs. Parker, Greene, &c.	
Lady Amaranth	Mrs. Darley.	Mrs. W. West.
Amelia	Mrs. Jefferson.	Mrs. Knight.
Jane	Mrs. Burke.	Miss Kelly.

Stage Directions.

By R. H. - - - - - is meant - - - - - Right Hand.
L. H. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand.
S. E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Second Entrance.
U. E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Upper Entrance.
M. D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Middle Door.
D. F. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Door in Flat.
R. H. D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Right Hand Door.
L. H. D. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Left Hand Door.

WILD OATS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in Lady Amaranth's House.*

Enter JOHN DORY, L. H.

John. Fine cruizing this! without flip or biscuit; don't know who's the governor of this here fort; but if he can victual us a few—*(Sits* L. H.*)*—how hollow my bread-room sounds! *(Striking his sides.)* I'm as empty as a stoved keg, and as tired as an old Dutchman--my obstinate master, Sir George, to tow my old hulk—aboard the house, ha, hoy! *(Calls.)*

Sir Geo. *(Without* R. H.*)* John! John Dory!

John. I'm at anchor.

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER, L. H.

Sir Geo. I don't know whose house we've got into here, John; but I think when he knows me, we may hope for some refreshment—Eh! *(Looking at John)* was not I your captain?

John. Yes; and I was your boatswain. And what of all that?

Sir Geo. Then how dare you sit in my presence, you bluff head?

John. Why, for the matter of that, I don't mind; but had I been your captain, and you my boatswain, the man that stood by me at sea, should be welcome to sit before me at land.

Sir Geo. That's true, my dear John; *(John attempts to rise.)* offer to stand up, and damme, if I don't knock you down—zounds! I am as dry as a powder match—to sail at the rate of ten knots an

hour, over fallow and stubble, from my own house, but half a league on this side of Gosport, and not catch these deserters!

John. In this here chase you wanted the ballast of wisdom.

Sir Geo. How, sirrah? hasn't my dear old friend, Dick Broadside, got the command of the ship I so often fought myself—to man it for him with expedition, didn't I, out of my own pocket, offer two guineas over the bounty to every seaman that would enter on board her? Hav'n't these three scoundrels fingered the shot, then ran, and didn't I do right to run after them? Damn the money! I no more mind that, than a piece of clinker; but 'twas the pride of my heart to see my beloved ship, the Eagle, well manned, when my old friend is the commander.

John. But since you've laid yourself up in ordinary, retired to live in quiet on your own estate, and had done with all sea affairs—

Sir Geo. John, John, a man should forget his own convenience for his country's good.—Tho' Broadside's letter said these fellows were lurking about this part of Hampshire, yet still it's all hide and seek.

John. Your ill luck.

Sir Geo. Mine, you swab?

John. Ay, you've money and gold; but grace and good fortune have shook hands with you these nineteen years, for that rogue's trick you played poor Miss Amelia, by deceiving her with a sham marriage, when you passed yourself for Captain Seymour, and then putting off to sea, leaving her to break her poor heart, and since marrying another lady.

Sir Geo. Wasn't I forc'd to it by my father?—

John. Ay; because she had a great fortin; her death too was a judgment upon you.

Sir Geo. Why, you impudent dog-fish! upbraid me running into false bay, when you were my pilot? Wasn't it you, even brought me the false clergyman that performed the sham marriage with Amelia?

John. Yes, you thought so; but I took care to bring you a real clergyman. *(Aside.)*

Sir Geo. But is this a time or place for your lectures? At home, abroad, sea, or land, you will still badger me! Mention my wild oats again, and—you scoundrel, since the night my bed-curtains took fire, when you were my boatswain aboard the Eagle, you've got me quite into leading strings—you snatched me upon deck, and tossed me into the sea—to save me from being burnt I was almost drowned.

John. You would but for me—

Sir Geo. Yes, you dragged me out by the ear like a water-dog—and last week, 'cause you found the tenth bottle uncorked, you rushed in among my friends, and ran away with me; and next morning Captain O'Shanaghan sends me a challenge for quitting the company when he was in the chair! so to save me from a headache, you'd like to have got my brains blown out.

John. Oh, very well, be burnt in your bed, and tumble in the water, by jumping into boats, like a tight fellow as you are, and poison yourself with sloe-juice; see if John cares a piece of mouldy biscuit about it. But I wish you hadn't made me your valet-de-shamber. No sooner was I got on shore, after five years dashing among rocks, shoals, and breakers, than you set me on a high trotting cart-horse, which knock'd me up and down like an old bum-boat in the Bay of Biscay, and here's nothing to drink after all! Because at home you keep open house, you think every body else does the same. Holloa! I'll never cease piping, 'till it calls up a drop to wet my whistle. *(Exit* R. H.*)*

Sir Geo. Yes, as John Dory remarks, I fear my

trip thro' life will be attended with heavy squalls and foul weather. When my conduct to poor Amelia comes athwart my mind, it's a hurricane for that day, and turn in at night, the ballad of "Margaret and William" rings in my ear: (*Sings.*) "In glided Margaret's grimly ghost;" Oh! zounds, the dismals are coming upon me, and can't get a cheering glass to—holloa!

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH, L. H.

Eph. Friend, what would'st thou have.

Sir Geo. Grog.

Eph. Neither man or woman of that name abideth here.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! man and woman! then if you'll bring me Mr. Brandy and Mrs. Water, we'll couple them, and the first child probably will be Master Grog.

Eph. Thou dost speak in parables, which I understand not.

Sir Geo. Sheer off with your sanctified poop, and send the gentleman of the house.

Eph. The owner of this mansion is a maiden, and she approacheth.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, R. H.

Lady Am. Friend Ephraim Smooth, did'st thou—(*Turns, sees Sir George.*) do I behold? It is! how dost thou uncle?

Sir Geo. Is it possible you can be my niece, Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder?

Lady Am. I am the daughter of thy deceased brother Loftus, called Earl Thunder, but no Lady; my name is Mary.

Sir Geo. But, zounds! how is all this? Eh! unexpectedly find you in a strange house, of which old Sly here tells me you're mistress, turned quaker and disclaim your title!

Lady Am. Thou know'st the relation to whose care my father left me?

Sir Geo. Well! I know our cousin, old Dovehouse was a quaker! but I didn't suspect he had made *you* one.

Lady Am. Being now gathered to his fathers, he did bequeath unto me his worldly goods; amongst them, this mansion and the lands around it.

Eph. So thou becomest and continue one of the faithful. I am executor of his will, and by it, I cannot give thee, Mary, possesion of these goods but on those conditions.

Sir Geo. Tell me of your thee's and thou's, quakers wills and mansions! I say, girl, tho' on the death of your father, my eldest brother, Loftus, Earl Thunder, from your being a female, his title devolved to his next brother, Robert; tho' as a woman, you can't be an earl, nor as a woman you can't make laws for your sex and our sex, yet, as the daughter of a peer you are, and by heaven shall be called Lady Maria Amaranth Thunder.

Eph. Thou makest too much noise, friend.

Sir Geo. Call me friend, and I'll bump your block against the capstan.

Eph. Yea, this is a man of danger, and I will leave Mary to abide it. (*Exit* L. H.)

Lady Am. Kinsman, be patient, thou and thy son, my cousin Henry, whom I have not beheld, I think, these twelve years, shall be welcome to my dwelling. Where now abideth the youth?

Sir Geo. At the Naval Academy, at Portsmouth.

Lady Am. May I not see the young man?

Sir Geo. What, to make a quaker of him?—No, no. But, hold, as she's now a wealthy heiress, her marrying my son Harry, will keep up and preserve her title in our own family too. *(aside.)*—Would'st thou really be glad to see him? thou shalt, Mary. Ha, ha, ha! John Dory! *(calling.)* Here comes my valet-de-chambre.

Enter JOHN DORY, R. H.

John. Why, sir—such a breeze sprung up!

Sir Geo. Avast, old man of war; you must instantly convoy my son from Portsmouth.

John. Then I must first convoy him to Portsmouth, for he happens to be out of dock already.

Sir Geo. What wind now?

John. You know, on our quitting harbour—

Sir. Geo. Damn your sea-jaw, you marvellous dolphin, give the contents of your log-book in plain English.

John. The young 'squire has cut and run.

Sir Geo. What!

John. Got leave to come to you; and master did not find out before yesterday, that, instead of making for home, he had sheer'd off towards London; directly sent notice to you; and Sam has traced us all the way here, to bring you the news.

Sir Geo. What, a boy of mine quit his guns? I'll grapple him.—Come, John.

Lady Am. Order the carriage for mine uncle.

Sir Geo. No, thank ye, my lady. Let your equipage keep up your own dignity. I've horses here; but I won't knock 'em up; next village is the channel for the stage.—My lady, I'll bring the dog to you by the bowsprit.—Weigh anchor! crowd sail! and after him! *(Exeunt* L. H.*)*

Enter EPHRAIM *(Peeping in* L. H.*)*

Eph. The man of noise doth not tarry, then my spirit is glad.

Lady Am. Let Sarah prepare chambers for my kinsman, and hire the maiden for me that thou did'st mention.

Eph. I will; for this damsel is passing fair, and hath found grace in mine eyes. *(Aside.)* Mary, as

thou art yet a stranger in this land, and just taken possession of this estate, the laws of society command thee to be on terms of amity with thy wealthy neighbours.

Lady Am. Yea; but while I entertain the rich, the hearts of the poor shall also rejoice; I myself will now go forth into the adjacent hamlet, and invite all that cometh to hearty cheer.

Eph. Yea, I will distribute among the poor, good books.

Lady Am. And meat and drink too, friend Ephraim. In the fulness of plenty, they shall join in thanksgiving for those gifts of which I am so unworthy. *(Exeunt,* R. H.*)*

SCENE II.—*A Road.*

Enter HARRY THUNDER, L. H.

Har. Well, if my father but forgives me.—This three months' excursion with the players, has shown me some life, and a devilish deal of fun. For one circumstance, I shall ever remember it with delight. It's bringing me acquainted with Jack Rover. How long he stays. Jack! In this forlorn stroller I have discovered qualities that honour human nature, and accomplishments that might grace a prince. I dont know a pleasanter fellow, except when he gets to his abominable habit of quotation. I hope he won't find the purse I've hid in his coat pocket, before we part. I dread the moment, but it's come.

Rov. (*Without* L. H.) " The brisk li-li-lightning I."

Har. Ay, here's the rattle. Hurried on by the impetuous flow of his own volatile spirits, his life is a rapid stream of extravagant whim, and while the serious voice of humanity prompts his heart to the best of actions, his features shine in laugh and levity.

Enter ROVER. L. H.

Har. Studying Bayes, eh, Jack?

Rov. "I am the bold Thunder."

Har. (*Aside.*) I am, if he knew but all.—Keep one standing in the road—

Rov. Beg your pardon, my dear Dick; but all the fault of—Plague on't, that a man can't sleep and breakfast at an inn, then return up to his bedchamber for his gloves that he'd forgot, but there he must find chambermaids thumping feathers and knocking pillows about, and keep one when one has affairs and business! 'Pon my soul, these girls' conduct to us is intolerable. The very thought brings the blood into my face, and whenever they attempt to serve, provoke me so.—damme but I will, I will—An't I right, Dick?

Har. No; "All in the wrong."

Rov. No matter, Dick; that's the universal play, "All round the wrekin:" but you're so conceited, because by this company you're going to join at Winchester, you are engaged for high tragedy.

Har. And you for Rangers, Plumes, and Foppingtons.

Rov. Our first play is Lear. I was devilish imperfect in Edgar t'other night at Lymington. I must look it over. (*Takes out a book.*) "Away, the foul fiend follows me!" Holloa! stop a moment, we shall have the whole county after us. (*Going.*)

Har. What now?

Rov. That rosy face chambermaid put me in such a passion, that, by heaven, I walked out of the house and forgot to pay our bill. (*Going.*)

Har. Never mind, Rover, it's paid.

Rov. Paid! why, neither you nor Muz had money enough. No, really!

Har. Ha, ha, ha! I tell you 'tis.

Rov. You paid? Oh, very well. Every honest fellow should be a stock purse. Come, then, let's

push on now. Ten miles to Winchester, we shall be there by eleven.

Har. Our trunks are booked at the inn for the Winchester coach.

Rov. "Ay, to foreign climes my old trunk I bear." But I prefer walking to the car of Thespis.

Har. Which is the way?

Rov. Here. *(Pointing off,* R. H.*)*

Har. Then I go there. *(Pointing opposite.)*

Rov. Eh!

Har. My dear boy, on this spot, and at this moment we must part.

Rov. Part!

Har. Rover, you wish me well.

Rov. Well, and suppose so. Part, eh! What mystery and grand? What are you at? Do you forget, you, Muz, and I, are engaged to Truncheon, the manager, and that the bills are already up with our names to-night to play at Winchester?

Har. Jack, you and I have often met on a stage in assumed characters; If it's your wish we should ever meet again in our real ones, of sincere friends, without asking whither I go, or my motives for leaving you, when I walk up this road, do you turn down that.

Rov. Joke!

Har. I'm serious. Good bye!

Rov. If you repent your engagement with Truncheon, I'll break off too, and go with you wherever—

(Takes him under the arm.)

Har. Attempt to follow me, and even our acquaintance ends.

Rov. Eh!

Har. Don't think of my reasons, only that it must be.

Rov. Have I done any thing to offend Dick Buskin? Leave me! *(Turns, puts handkerchief to his eyes.)*

Har. I am as much concerned as you to—Good bye!

Rov. I can't even bid him—I won't neither—If any cause could have given—Farewell.

Har. Bless my poor fellow! Adieu.

(Silently weeps.—Exeunt; Rover, R. H. *Har.* L. H.*)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Village, Gammon's Farm House,* L. H. U. E. *and Bank's Cottage,* R. H. U. E.

Enter Farmer GAMMON, *and* EPHRAIM, *from House,* L. H. U. E.

F. Gam. Well, master Ephraim, I may depend on thee, as you quakers never break your words.

Eph. I have spoken to Mary, and she, at my request, consenteth to take thy daughter Jane, as her hand-maid.

F. Gam. Very good of you.

Eph. Goodness I do like, and also—comely Jane. *(Aside)*—The maiden, I will prefer, for the sake of —myself. *(Aside.)*

F. Gam. I intended to make a present to the person that does me such a piece of service; but I sha'n't affront you with it.

Eph. I am meek and humble, and must take affronts.

F. Gam. Then here's a guinea, master Ephraim.

Eph. I expected not this; but there's no harm in a guinea. *(Exit* R. H.*)*

F. Gam. So, I shall get my children off my hands. My son, Sim, is robbing me day and night,—giving away my corn and what not among the poor.—My daughter Jane—When girls have nought to do, this love-mischief creeps into their minds, and then, hey! they're for kicking up their heels.—Sim! Sim!— *(Calling.)*

Enter SIM, *from the House,* L. H. U. E.

Sim. Yes, feyther.

F. Gam. Call your sister.

Sim. Jane, feyther wants you.

Enter JANE, *from the House*, L. H. U. E. *with Linen she had been working.*

Jane. Did you call me?

F. Gam. I often told you both, but it's now settled; you must go out into the world and work for your bread.

Sim. Well, feyther, whatever you think right must be so, and I'm content.

Jane. And I'm sure, feyther, I'm willing to do as you'd have me.

F. Gam. There's ingratitude for you! When my wife died, I brought you both up from the shell, and now you want to fly off and forsake me.

Sim. Why, no; I'm willing to live with you all my days.

Jane. And I'm sure feyther, if it's your desire, I'll never part from you.

F. Gam. What, you want to hang upon me like a couple of leeches, ay, to strip my branches, and leave me a withered hawthorn; See who's yon. *(Exit Sim,* R. H.*)* Jane, Ephraim Smooth has hired you for lady Amaranth.

Jane. O lack! Then I shall live in the great house.

F. Gam. Ay, and mayhap come in for her cast clothes.

Jane. But she's a quaker: and I'm sure, every Sunday for church, I dress much finer than her ladyship.

F. Gam. She has sent us all presents of good books. *(Gives her one.)* To read a chapter in, that, when one's in a passion, gives a mon patience.

Jane. Thank her good ladyship.

F. Gam. My being incumbered with you both is the cause why old Banks won't give me his sister.

Jane. That's a pity. If we must have a step-

mother, Madam Amelia would make us a very good one. But I wonder how she can refuse you, feyther, for I'm sure she must think you a very portly man in your scarlet vest and new scratch. You can't think how parsonable you'd look, if you'd only shave twice a week, and put sixpence in the poor-box. *(Retires reading.)*

F. Gam. However, if Banks still refuses, I have him in my power. I'll turn them both out of their cottage yonder, and the bailiff shall provide them with a lodging.

Enter BANKS, *from Cottage*, R. H. U. E.

Well, neighbour Banks once for all, am I to marry your sister?

Banks. That she best knows.

F. Gam. Ay, but she says she won't.

Banks. Then I dare say she won't; for tho' a woman I never knew her to speak what she didn't think.

F. Gam. Then she won't have me? A fine thing this, that you and she, who are little better than paupers, dare be so damn'd saucy!

Banks. Why, farmer, I confess we're poor; but while that's the worst our enemies can say of us, we're content.

F. Gam. Od, dom it! I wish I had now a good, fair occasion to quarrel with him; I'd make him content with a devil to him; I'd knock'en down, send him to jail, and—But I'll be up with him! *(Aside.)*

Enter SIM, R. H.

Sim. Oh feyther, here's one Mr. Lamp, a ringleader of showfolks come from Andover to act in our village. He wants a barn to play in, if you'll hire him yourn.

F. Gam. Surely, boy I'll never refuse money.—But, lest he should engage the great room in the inn, run thou and tell him—*(Sim attempts to go.)*—Stop, I'll go myself—A short cut through that garden—

(Approaches Bank's Cottage.)

Banks. Why, you, or any neighbour is welcome to walk in it, or to partake of what it produces; but making it a common thoroughfare is—

F. Gam. Here, Sim, kick open that garden gate.

Banks. What?

F. Gam. Does the lad hear?

Sim. Why yes, yes.

F. Gam. Does the fool understand?

Sim. Dang it, I'm as yet but young; but if understanding teaches me how to wrong my neighbour, I hope I may never live to years of discretion.

F. Gam. What, you cur, do you disobey your feyther? Burst open the garden gate as I command you.

Sim. Feyther, he that made both you and the garden, commands me not to injure the unfortunate.

F. Gam. Here's an ungracious rogue! Then I must do it myself. *(Advances.)*

Banks. (Stands before it.) Hold, neighbour. Small as this spot is, it's now my only possession: and the man shall first take my life who sets a foot in it against my will.

F. Gam. I'm in such a passion—

Jane. (Comes forward.) Feyther, if you're in a passion, read the good book you gave me.

F. Gam. Plague of the wench! But, you hussey, I'll—and you, you unlucky bird!

(Exeunt Sim and Jane into the House, L. H. U. E.*)*

(A shower of Rain. Enter Rover, *hastily.* R. H. *)*

Rov. Zounds! here's a pelting shower, and no

shelter! "Poor Tom's a-cold," I'm wet thro'—Oh, here's a fair promising house.

(Going into Gammon's House.)

F. Gam. (Stops him.) Hold my lad. Can't let folks in till I know who they are. There's a public-house not above a mile on.

Banks. Step in here, young man; my fire is small; but it shall cheer you with a hearty welcome.

Rov. (To Banks.) The poor cottager! *(To Gam.)* And the substantial farmer! *(Kneels.)* "Hear, Nature, dear goddess, hear! If ever you designed to make his corn-fields fruitful, change thy purpose; that, from the blighted ear no grain may fall to fat his *stubble goose*—and, when to town he drives his hogs, so like himself, oh, let him feel the soaking rain, then may he curse his crime too late, and know how sharper than a serpent's tooth 'tis"—Damme, but I'm spouting in the rain all this time.

(Jumps up and runs into Bank's Cottage.)

F. Gam. Ay, neighbour, you'll soon scratch a beggar's head, if you harbour every mad vagrant. This may be one of the footpads, that, it seems, have got about the country; but I'll have an execution, and seize on thy goods, this day, my charitable neighbour! Eh, the sun strikes out, quite cleared up.

Enter JANE, *from the House*, L. H. U. E.

Jane. La, feyther, if there isn't coming down the village—

F. Gam. Ah, thou hussey!

Jane. Bless me, feyther! No time for anger now. Here's lady Amaranth's *charott*, drawn by her new grand long-tail'd horses.—La! it stops!

F. Gam. Her ladyship is coming out, and walks this way.—She may wish to rest herself in my house. Jane, we must always make rich folks welcome.

Jane. Dear me, I'll run in and set things to rights. But, feyther, your cravat and wig are all got so rumplified with your cross-grain'd tantarums.—I'll tie your neck-cloth in a big bow, and for your wig, if there is any flour in the drudging-box—*(Adjusts them and runs into the house,* L. H. U. E.*)*

F. Gam. Oh! the bailiff too, that I engaged.

Enter TWITCH, L. H.

Twitch. Well, master Gammon, as you desired, I'm come to serve this here warrant of yours, and arrest master Banks: where is he?

F. Gam. Yes, now I be's determined on't—he's—Zounds! stand aside, I'll speak to you anon.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, R. H.

Lady Am. Friend, *(To F. Gam.)* Jane, whom I have taken to be my handmaid, is thy daughter?

F. Gam. Ay, so her mother said, an't please your ladyship.

Lady Am. Ephraim Smooth acquainteth me thou art a wealthy yeoman.

F. Gam. Why, my lady, I pay my rent.

Lady Am. Being yet a stranger on my estate around here, I have passed through thy hamlet to behold, with mine own eye, the distresses of my poor tenants. I wish to relieve their wants.

F. Gam. Right, your ladyship: for charity hides a deal of sins. How good of you to think of the poor! that's so like me. I'm always contriving how to relieve my neighbours.—You must lay Banks in jail to-night. *(Apart to Twitch.)*

Enter JANE, *from the house,* L. H. U. E.

Jane. An't please you, will your ladyship enter our humble dwelling and rest your ladyship in fey-

ther's great cane-bottom'd elbow chair, with a high back. *(Curtsies.)*

F. Gam. Do, my lady. To receive so great a body from her own chariot is an honour, I dreamt not of; though, for the hungry and weary-foot traveller, my doors are always open, and my morsel ready.—Knock; when he comes out, touch him.

(Aside to Twitch.)

Lady Am. Thou art benevolent, and I will enter thy dwelling with satisfaction.

Jane. O precious! This way, my lady.

[*Exeunt all but Twitch into Gammon's house*, L.H.U.E.

Twitch. Eh! where's the warrant?—

(Feels his pocket, and knocks at Banks's door.)

Enter BANKS, *from Cottage*, R. H.

Banks. Master Twitch! What's your business with me?

Twitch. (L. H.) Only a little affair here against you.

Banks. Me!

Twitch. Yes; Farmer Gammon has bought a thirty pound note of hand of yours.

Banks. Indeed! Well, I didn't think his malice could have stretched so far—I thought the love he professed for my sister, might—why, it is true, master Twitch, to lend our indigent cottagers small sums when they've been unable to pay their rents, I got lawyer Quirk to procure me this money, and hoped their industry would have put it in my power to take up my note before now. However, I'll go round and try what they can do, then call on you and settle it.

Twitch. You must go with me.

Rov. (*within.*) Old gentleman, come quick, or I'll draw another bottle of your currant wine.

Twitch. You'd best not make a noise, but come.—

(To Banks.)

Enter ROVER, *from Cottage*, U. E. R. H.

Rov. Oh, you're here? Rain over—quite fine—I'll take a sniff of the open air too—Eh, what's the matter?

Twitch. What's that to you?

Rov. What's that to me? Why, you're a very unmannerly—

Twitch. Oh, here's a rescue!

Banks. Nay, my dear sir, I'd wish you not to bring yourself into any trouble about me.

Twitch. Now, since you don't know what's civil, if the debt's not paid directly, to jail you go.

Rov. My kind, hospitable, good old man to jail! —What's the amount, you scoundrel?

Twitch. Better words, or I'll—

Rov. Stop; utter you a word, good or bad, except to tell me what's your demand upon this gentleman, and I'll give you the greatest beating you ever got since the hour you commenced rascal. (*In a low tone.*)

Twitch. Why, master, I don't want to quarrel with you, because—

Rov. You'll get nothing by it. Do you know, you villain, that I am this moment the greatest man living?

Twitch. Who, pray?

Rov. "I am the bold Thunder!" Sirrah, know that I carry my purse of gold in my coat pocket. Tho' damme if I know how a purse came there.—(*Aside and takes it out.*) There's twenty pictures of his Majesty; therefore, in the king's name, I free his liege subject. (*Takes Banks away.*) And now who am I? Ah, ha!

Twitch. Nine pieces short, my master; but if you're a housekeeper, I'll take this and your bail.

Rov. Then for bail you must have a housekeeper? What's to be done?

Enter GAMMON, *from house*, L. H. U. E.

Ah, here's old Hospitality! I know you've a house, tho' your fire-side was too warm for me. Lookye, here's some rapacious, griping rascal, has had this worthy gentleman arrested. Now a certain, good for nothing, rattling fellow, has paid twenty guineas, you pass your word for the other nine, we'll step back into the old gentleman's friendly house, and over his currant wine, our first toast shall be, "liberty to the honest debtor, and confusion to the hard hearted creditor."

F. Gam. I sha'n't.

Rov. Sha'n't! What's your name?

F. Gam. Gammon!

Rov. Gammon! Demme, you're the Hampshire hog. *(Exit F. Gam.* L. H.*)* 'Sdeath! How shall I do to extricate—? I wish I had another purse in my waistcoat pocket.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *from the house*, L. H. U. E.

Lady Am. What tumult is this?

Rov. A lady! Ma'am, your most obedient humble servant. (*Bows.*) A quaker too! They're generally kind and humane, and that face is the prologue to a play of a thousand good acts—may be, she'd help us here.—(*Aside.*) Ma'am, you must know that —that I—no—this gentleman—I mean this gentleman and I—He got a little behind hand, as every honest, well principled man often may, from—from bad harvests and rains—lodging corn—and his cattle—from murrain, and—rot the murrain! you know this is the way all this affair happened, (*To Banks.*) and then up steps this gentleman, (*To Twitch.*) with a—a tip in his way—Madam, you understand? And then up steps I—with my a

—In short, madam, I am the worst story teller in the world, where myself is the hero of the tale.

Twitch. Mr. Banks has been arrested for thirty pounds, and this gentleman has paid twenty guineas of the debt.

Banks. My litigious neighbour to expose me thus!

Lady Am. The young man and maiden within, have spoken well of thy sister, and pictured thee as a man of irreproachable morals, though unfortunate.

Rov. Madam, he's the honestest fellow—I've known him above forty years, he has the best hand at stirring a fire—If you was only to taste his currant wine.

Banks. Madam, I never aspired to an enviable rank in life; but hitherto pride and prudence kept me above the reach of pity! but obligations from a stranger—

Lady Am. He! really a stranger, and attempt to free thee? But friend, *(To Rov.)* thou hast assumed a right which here belongeth to me. As I enjoy the blessings which these lands produce, I own also the heart delighting privilege of dispensing those blessings to the wretched. Thou mad'st thyself my worldly banker, and no cash of mine in thy hands; (*Takes a note from a pocket-book.*) but thus I balance our account. *(Offers it.)*

Rov. "Madam, my master pays me, nor can I take money from another hand without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands."

"*Run, run, Orlando, carve on every tree,*
" *The fair, the chaste, the unexpressive she.*"
(Exit R. H.*)*

Banks. But, sir, I insist you'll return him his money. *(To Twitch)* Stop! *(Going.)*

Twitch. Ay, Stop! *(Holds the skirt of his coat.)*

Lady Am. Where dwelleth he?

Banks. I fancy, where he can, madam. I under-

stand from his discourse, that he was on his way to join a company of actors in the next town.

Lady Am. A profane stage-player with such a gentle, generous heart! Yet, so whimsically wild, like the unconscious rose, modestly shrinking from the recollection of its own grace and sweetness.

Enter JANE, *from Gammon's house*, L. H. U. E.

Jane. Now, my lady, I'm fit to attend your ladyship. I look so genteelish, mayhap her ladyship may take me home with her. *(Aside.)*

Lady Am. This maiden may find out for me whither he goeth. *(Aside.)* Call on my steward, and thy legal demands shall be satisfied.

(To Twitch, who exits, L. H.*)*

Jane. Here, coachman, drive up my lady's *charott* nearer to our door. *(Calls off.) Charott!* If she'd take me with her, la! how all the folks will stare. *(Aside.)* Madam, tho' the roads are so very dusty, I'll walk all the way on foot to your ladyship's house—ay, tho' I should spoil my bran new petticoat.

Lady Am. Rather than sully thy garment, thou shalt be seated by me.

Jane. Oh, your ladyship!—Ecod, if I didn't think so. *(Aside.)*

Lady Am. Friend, *(To Banks.)* be cheerful; thine and thy sisters' sorrows shall be but an April shower. *(Exeunt, Lady Am. Sim and Jane*, R. H. *Banks into house*, R. H.*)*

SCENE II.—*Before an Inn.*

Enter ROVER, L. H. *and* WAITER, *from* D. F.

Rov. Holloa! friend, when does the coach set out for London?

Waiter. In about an hour, sir.

Rov. Has the Winchester coach passed?

Waiter. No, sir. *(Exit into* D. F.*)*

Rov. That's lucky! Then my trunk is here still. Go I will not. Since I've lost the fellowship of my friend Dick, I'll travel no more; I'll try a London audience, who knows but I may get an engagement? This celestial lady quaker! She must be rich, and ridiculous for such a poor dog as I am, even to think of her. How Dick would laugh at me if he knew—I dare say by this she has released my kind host from the gripe—I should like to be certain, tho'—

Enter WAITER, *from* D. F.

Waiter. You'll dine here, sir? I'm honest Bob Johnstone; kept the sun these twenty years. Excellent dinner on table at two.

Rov. "Yet my love indeed is appetite, I'm as hungry as the sea, and can digest as much."

Waiter. Then you won't do for my shilling ordinary, sir; there's a very good ordinary at the Saracen's head, at the end of the town. Shouldn't have thought indeed, hungry foot travellers to eat like—coming, sir. *(Exit into* D. F.*)*

Rov. I'll not join this company at Winchester. No, I'll not stay in the country, hopeless even to expect a look, (except of scorn) from this lady. I will take a touch at a London theatre. The public there, are candid and generous, and before my merit can have time to create enemies, I'll save money, and,—"a fig for the sultan and sophy."

Enter JANE, *at the back;* SIM *watching her,* R. H.

Jane. Ay, that's he!

Rov. But if I fall, by heaven, I'll overwhelm the manager, his empire, and—"himself in one prodigious ruin."

Jane. Ruin! Oh lord! *(Runs back.)*

Sim. Hem! *(Jane screams and falls into Rover's arms.)* What can you expect when you follow young men? I've dodged you all the way.

Jane. Well, wasn't I sent?

Sim. Oh yes, you were sent—very likely. Who sent you?

Jane. It was—I won't tell it's my lady, 'cause she bid me not. *(Aside.)*

Sim. I'll keep you from sheame. *(Puts her over to* R. H.*)*—A fine life I should have in the parish, rare fleering, if a sister of moine should stand some Sunday at church, in a white sheet, and to all their flouts what could I say?

Rov. Thus. "I say my sister's wrong'd, my sister *Blowsabella*, born as high and noble as the *attorney*—do her justice, or by the gods, I'll lay a scene of blood, shall make this *haymow* horrible to Beebles."—"Say that, Chamont."

Sim. I believe it's full moon. You go hoame to your place, and moind your business. *(To Jane.)*

Jane. My lady will be so pleased I found him! I don't wonder at it, he's such a fine spoken man.

Sim. Dang it! Will you stand here grinning at the wild bucks, you saucy slut, to keep me and the cart waiting for you at the end of the lane.

Jane. Perhaps the gentleman might wish to send her ladyship a compliment. An't please you, sir, if it's even a kiss between us two, it shall go safe; for though you should give it me, brother Sim then can take it to my lady.

Rov. "I kiss'd thee e'er I kill'd thee."

Jane. Kill me!

Rov. "No way but this, killing myself to die upon a kiss!" *(Kisses her—Sim forces him from her.)*

Sim. And you walk home, my forward miss!

Rov. Ay; "to a nunnery go, go."

Sim. Aye, go and be a nunnery. *(Exit Jane* R. H.*)*

Rov. I'm cursedly out of spirits; but hang sorrow,

I may as well divert myself.—"'Tis meat and drink for me to see a clown."—"Shepherd, was't ever at court?"

Sim. Not I.

Rov. "Then thou art damn'd."

Sim. Eh!

Rov. Ay! "Thou art damn'd like an ill roasted egg—all on one side."—Little Hospitality.

Enter Farmer GAMMON, R. H.

F. Gam. Eh, where's the showman that wants to hire my barn? How's this son?

Rov. "Your son? Young Clodpate; take him to your wheat-stack, and there teach him manners."

F. Gam. Ah, thou'rt the fellow that would bolt out of the dirty roads into people's houses. Ho, ho, ho! Sim's schooling is mightily thrown away if he hasn't more manners than thou.

Sim. Why, feyther; it is! Gadzooks, he be one of the play! Acted Tom Fool, in King Larry, at Lymington 'tother night—I thought I know'd the face, thof he had a straw cap, and a blanket about'n—Ho, ho! how comical that was when you said—

Rov. "Pillicock sat upon Pillicock hill, pil—li—loo, loo, loo!

Sim. That's it! He's at it! *(Claps.)* Laugh feyther.

F. Gam. Hold your tongue, boy! I believe he's no better than he should be. The moment I saw him, says I to myself, *you are a rogue.*

Rov. There you spoke truth for once in your life.

F. Gam. I'm glad to hear you confess it. But her ladyship shall have the vagrants whipped out of the country.

Rov. Vagrant! "Thou wretch! despite o'erwhelm thee!" "Only squint, and, by heaven, I'll beat thy blown body 'till it rebounds like a tennis ball."

(Sim forces Rover from his Father.)

Sim. Beat my feyther! No, no. Thou must first beat me. *(Puts himself in a posture of defence.)*

Rov. (Aside, with great feeling) "Tho' love cool, friendship fall off, brothers divide, subjects rebel, oh! never let the sacred bond be cracked 'twixt son and father!" I never knew a father's protection, never had a father to protect.——*(Puts his handkerchief to his eyes, and goes up the Stage.)*

Sim. Ecod! he's not acting now!

Enter LANDLORD, *with a book, pen and ink, from* D. F.

F. Gam. Landlord, is this Mr. Lamp here?

Landl. I've just opened a bottle for him and t'other in the parlour. *(Exit, into house.)*

Rov. "Go, father, with thy son, give him a livery more guarded than his fellows."

Sim. Livery! Why, I be no sarvant man, tho' sister Jane is. Gi's thy hand. *(To Rover.)* I don't know how 'tis; but I think I could lose my life for him; but mustn't let feyther be lickt tho'—*(Going turns, and looks at Rover.)* Ecod, I never shall forget Pillicock! *(Exit Gam. into house, Sim* L. H.)

Rov. Thou art an honest reptile.

Enter WAITER *from* D. F. *with book and pen.*

Waiter. Two gentlemen in the parlour would speak with you. *(To Rover.)*

Rov. "I attend them, were they twenty times our mother."

Waiter. Sir, you go in the stage; as we book the passengers, what name?

Rov. "I am the bold Thunder." *(Exit into house.)*

Landl. (*Writing.*) Mr. Thunder.

Enter JOHN DORY, L. H.

John. I want two places in the stage-coach, because I and another gentleman are going a voyage.

Landl. Just two vacant: what name?

John. Avast! I go aloft. But let's see who'll be my master's messmates in the cabin: (*Reads.*) Captain Maccolah, Counsellor Fazacherly, Miss Gosling, Mr. Thunder. What's this? speak, man! is there one of that name going?

Landl. Book'd him this minute.

John. If our voyage should now be at an end before we begin it!—What sort of a gentleman is he?

Landl. Oh! a rum sort of a gentleman; I suspect he's one of the players.

John. True; Sam said it was some player's people coaxed him away from Portsmouth school. It must be the 'squire—shew me where he is moored, my old purser.

(*Exit, singing, and Landl. following, into* D. F.)

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Inn.*

LAMP, *and* TRAP, *(discovered drinking.)*

Trap. This same farmer Gammon seems a surly spark.

Lamp. No matter. His barn will hold a good thirty pounds, and if I can but engage this young fellow, this Rover, he'll cram it every night he plays. He's certainly a devilish good actor. Now Trap, you must enquire out a carpenter, and be brisk about the building. I think we shall have smart business, as we stand so well for pretty women too. Oh, here he is!

Trap. Snap him at any terms.

Enter ROVER, L. H.

Rov. Gentlemen, your most obedient— The waiter told me— *(Lamp and Trap advance,* R. H.*)*

Lamp. Sir, to our better acquaintance. *(Fills.)*

Rov. I don't recollect I have the honour of knowing—

Lamp. Mr. Rover, tho' I am a stranger to you, your merit is none to me.

Rov. Sir! *(Bows.)*

Lamp. Yes, sir, my name is Lamp; I am manager of the company of comedians that's come down here, and Mr. Trap is my treasurer, engages performers, sticks bills, finds properties, keeps box-book, prompts plays, and takes the towns.

Trap. The most reputable company, and charming money getting circuit. *(Apart to Rover.)*

Rov. Hav'nt a doubt, sir.

Lamp. Only suffer me to put up your name to play with us six nights, and twelve guineas are yours.

Rov. Sir, I thank you, and must confess your offer is liberal; but my friends have flattered me into a sort of opinion that encourages me to take a touch at the capital.

Lamp. Ah, my dear Mr. Rover, a London Theatre is dangerous ground.

Rov. Why, I may fail, and gods may groan, and ladies drawl, "La, what an awkward creature!" But should I top my part, then shall gods applaud, and ladies sigh, "the charming fellow!" and treasurers smile upon me as they count the shining guineas!

Lamp. But, suppose—

Rov. Ay, suppose the contrary, I have a certain friend here, in my coat pocket, *(Puts his Hand into his Coat Pocket)* Eh! zounds! where is—oh, the

devil! I gave it to discharge my kind host—going for London, and not master of five shillings! *(Aside.)* "Sir, to return to the twenty pounds."

Lamp. Twenty pounds! Well, let it be so.

Rov. Sir, I engage with you, call a rehearsal when and where you please, I'll attend.

Lamp. Sir, I'll step for the cast-book, and you shall choose your characters.

Trap. And, sir, I'll write out the play-bills directly. *(Exit Lamp and Trap,* R. H.*)*

Rov. Since I must remain here sometime, and I've not the most distant hope of ever speaking to this goddess again, I wish I had inquired her name, that I might know how to keep out of her way.

Enter JOHN DORY *and* LANDLORD, L. H.

Landl. There's the gentleman.

John. Very well.—*(Exit Landlord,* L. H.*)*—What cheer, ho! master 'squire?

Rov. Cheer, ho! my hearty!

John. The very face of his father! And an't you asham'd of yourself?

Rov. Why, yes, I am sometimes.

John. Do you know, if I had you at the gangways, I'd give you a neater dozen than ever you got from your schoolmaster's cat-o-nine tails?

Rov. You wouldn't sure?

John. I would sure.

Rov. Indeed?—pleasant enough! who is this genius?

John. I've despatched a fast sailing shallop to tell Lady Amaranth you're here.

Rov. You hav'nt?

John. I have.

Rov. Now, who the devil is Lady Amaranth?

John. I expect her chariot every moment, and when it comes, you'll get into it, and I'll get into it,

then they'll be a pair of us, and I'll set you down genteelly at her house; then I'll have obeyed my orders, and I hope your father will be satisfied.

Rov. My father! who's he pray?

John. Pshaw! leave off your fun, and prepare to ask his pardon.

Rov. Ha, ha, ha! Why, my worthy friend, you are totally wrong in this affair. Upon my word I'm not the person you take me for. *(Going.* L. H.*)*

John. You don't go, tho' they've got your name down in the stage coach book, Mr. Thunder.

Rov. Mr. Thunder! stage coach book! *(Pauses.)* ha, ha, ha! This must be some curious blunder.

John. Oh! my lad, your father, Sir George, will change your note.

Rov. He must give me one first. Sir George! then my father is a knight it seems; ha, ha, ha! very good, faith! 'pon my honour, I am not the gentleman that you think me.

John. I ought not to think you any gentleman for giving your honour in a falsehood. Oh! them play-actors you went amongst have quite spoiled you. I wish only one of 'em wou'd come in my way. I'd teach 'em to bring a gentleman's son trampoozing about the country.

Enter WAITER, L. H.

Wait. Her ladyship's chariot's at the door, and I fancy it's you, sir, the coachman wants.

(Exit, L. H.*)*

John. Yes, it's me. I attend your honour.

(To Rov.)

Rov. Then you insist on it that I am—

John. I insist on nothing, only you shall come.

Rov. Indeed! Shall! Shall is a word don't sound over agreeable to my ears.

John. Does a pretty girl sound well to your ear?

Rov. "More music in the clink of her horse's hoofs than twenty hautboys." Why, is this Lady Thing-o-me, pretty?

John. Beautiful as a mermaid, and stately as a ship under sail.

Rov. A beautiful woman!—"Oh, such a sight! talk of coronations!"

John. Coronation! zounds! what are you thinking of?

Rov. "I was thinking of a side-saddle."

John. Side-saddle! why, damme, we go in a coach.

Rov. Egad! I've a mind to humour the frolic—Well, well, I'll see your mermaid. But then, on the instant of my appearance the mistake must be discovered. (*Aside.*) Harkye, is this father of mine you talk of at this lady's?

John. No. Your father's in chase of the deserters.

Rov. Is he expected soon?

John. I find he's afraid to face the old one, so, if I tell him, he won't go with me. (*Aside.*) No, no, we sha'n't see him in a hurry.

Rov. Then I'll venture. Has the lady ever seen me?

John. Psha! none of your jokes, man; you know that her ladyship, no more than myself, has set eyes upon you since you was the bigness of a rumbo canakin.

Rov. The choice is made. I have my Ranger's dress in my trunk—"Cousin of Buckingham, thou sage, grave man!"

John. What?

Rov. "Since you will buckle fortune on my back, to bear her burden, whether I will or no, I must have patience to endure the load! but if black scandal, or foul faced"—

John. Black! my foul face was as fair as yours before I went to sea.

Rov. "Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me."

John. Man, don't stand preaching parson Sacks—come to the chariot.

Rov. Ay, to the chariot! "bear me, Bucephalus, among the billows,—hey! for the Tigris!"

(Exeunt, L. H.*)*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lady Amaranth's House.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH *and* EPHRAIM, R. H.

Lady Am. Tho' thou hast settled that distressed gentleman's debt, let his sister come unto me, and remit a quarter's rent unto all my tenants.

Eph. As thou bidd'st, I have discharged from the pound the widow's cattle; but shall I let the lawsuit drop against the farmer's son, who did shoot the pheasant?

Lady Am. Yea; but instantly turn from my service the gamekeeper's man that did kill the fawn, while it was eating from his hand. We should hate guile, tho' we may love venison.

Eph. I love a young doe. (*Aside.*) Since the death of friend Dovehouse, who, (tho' one of the faithful) was an active magistrate, this part of the country is infested with covetous men, called robbers, and I have, in thy name, said unto the people, whoever apprehendeth one of these, I will reward him, yea, with thirty pieces of gold. (*A loud knocking without*, L. H.) That beating of one brass against another at thy door, proclaimeth the approach of vanity, whose pride of heart swelleth at an empty sound. (*Exit* R.H.)

Lady Am. But my heart is possessed with the idea of that wand'ring youth, whose benevolence induced him to part with, perhaps, his all, to free the unhappy debtor. His person is amiable, his address, according to worldly modes; formed to please, to delight. But he's poor—is that a crime? Perhaps, meanly born; but one good action is an illustrious pedigree. I feel I love him, and in that word are birth, fame, and riches.

Enter JANE, L. H. D.

Jane. Madam, my lady, an't please you—

Lady Am. Didst thou find the young man, that I may return him the money he paid for my tenant?

Jane. I found him, ma'am, and—I found him, and he talk'd of—what he said.

Lady Am. What did he say?

Jane. He saw me ma'am—and call'd me Blowsabella, and said he would—I'll be hang'd, ma'am, if he did'n't say he would—Now, think of that;—but if he had'n't gone to London in the stage coach—

Lady Am. Is he gone? *(With emotion.)*

Enter JOHN DORY, L. H. D.

John. Oh, my lady, mayhap John Dory is not the man to be sent after young gentlemen that scamper from school, and run about the country play acting!—Pray walk up stairs, Master Thunder. *(Calls off.)*

Lady Am. Hast thou brought my kinsman hither?

John. Well, I hav'n't then.

Jane. If you hav'n't, why do you make a talk about it? *(Crosses to him.)*

John. Well, don't give me your palaver, young Miss Slip Slop.—Will you only walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

Jane. Will you walk up, if you please, Master Harry?

Lady Am. Friendship requireth, yet I am not disposed to commune with company. *(Aside.)*

Jane. Oh, bless me, ma'am! if it isn't—

Enter ROVER, *dressed*, L. H.

Rov. "'Tis I, Hamlet the Dane!"—"Thus far, into the bowels of the land, have we marched on."—"John, that bloody and devouring boar!"

John. He called me bull in the coach.

Jane. I don't know what brought such a bull in the coach!

Rov. This the lady Amaranth! By heavens, the very angel quaker!

Lady Am. (*Turns.*) The dear, generous youth, my cousin Harry!

John. There he's for you, my lady, and make the most of him.

Jane. Oh, how happy my lady is! he looks so charming now he's fine.

John. (*Apart to Rover.*) Harkye! she's as rich as a Spanish Indiaman, and I tell you, your father wishes you'd grap-ple her by the heart—court her, you mad devil. There's an engagement to be between these two vessels; but little Cupid's the only man that's to take minutes, so come. (*To Jane.*)

Jane. Ma'am, an't I to wait on you?

John. No, my lass, you're to wait on me.

Jane. Wait on this great sea-bull! lack-a-daisy! am I—am?—

John. By this, Sir George is come to the inn, without letting the younker know. I'll go bring him here, and smuggle both father and son into a joyful meeting. (*Aside.*) Come now, usher me down like a lady. (*To Jane.*)

Jane. This way, Mr. Sailor Gentleman.

(*Exeunt, John and Jane* L. H.)

Rov. By heavens, a most delectable woman! (*Aside.*)

Lady Am. Cousin, when I saw thee in the village, free the sheep from the wolf, why didst not tell me then thou wert son to my uncle, Sir George?

Rov. Because, my lady, then I—didn't know it myself. (*Aside.*)

Lady Am. Why would'st thou vex thy father, and quit thy school.

Rov. "A truant disposition, good, my lady, brought me from Witemberg."

Lady Am. Thy father designs thee for his dangerous profession; but is thy inclination tuned to the voice of trumpets, and smites of mighty slaughter?

Rov. "Why, Ma'am, as for old Boreas, my dad, when the blast of war blows in his ears, he's a tyger in his fierce resentment."—But for me, "I think it a pity, so it is, that villainous saltpetre should be digged out of the bowels of the earth, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed, with wounds and guns, and drums, heav'n save the mark!"

Lady Am. Our families have long been separated.

Rov. They have. Since Adam, I believe—(*Aside.*) "Then, lady, let that sweet bud of love now ripen to a beauteous flower!"

Lady Am. Love!

Rov. "Excellent wench! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, Chaos is come again."

Lady Am. Thou art of an happy disposition.

Rov. "If I were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy." "Let our senses dance in concert to the joyful minutes, and this, and this, the only discord make." (*Embracing.*)

Enter JANE, *with cake and wine*, L. H.

Jane. Ma'am, an't please you, Mr. Zachariah bid me—

Rov. "Why, you fancy yourself Cardinal Wolsey in this family."

Jane. No, sir, I'm not Cardinal Wolsey, I'm only my lady's maid here—Jenny Gammon at your service.

Rov. "A bowl of cream for your Catholic Majesty."

Jane. Cream! No, sir, it's wine and water.

Rov. "You get no water, take the wine, great Potentate." (*Gives Lady Am. a glass, then drinks.*)

Jane. Madam, my father begs leave—

Rov. "Go, go, thou shallow Pomona."
(*Puts her out*, L. H. D.)

Enter Farmer GAMMON *and* LAMP, L. H. D.

Eh, zounds! my manager!

F. Gam. I hope her ladyship hasn't found out 'twas I had Banks arrested. (*Aside.*) Would your ladyship give leave for this here honest man and his comrades to act a few plays in the town, 'cause I've let'n my barn. 'Twill be some little help to me, my lady.

Rov. My lady, I understand these affairs. Leave me to settle 'em.

Lady Am. True; these are delusions, as a woman I understand not. But by my cousin's advice I will abide; ask his permission. (*To Gam.*)

F. Gam. So; I must pay my respects to the young squire. (*Aside.*) An't please your honour, if a poor man like me (*Bows.*) durst offer my humble duty—

Rov. Can'st thou bow to a vagrant. Eh, Little Hospitality? (*Farmer Gammon looks in his face and sneaks off*, L. H. D.)

Lamp. Please your honour, if I may presume to hope you'll be graciously pleased to take our little squad under your honour's protection.

Rov. Ha!

Lady Am. What say'st thou Henry?

Rov. Ay, where's Henry? Gadso! True, that's me. Strange I should already forget my name, and not half an hour since I was christened! (*Aside.*) Harkye! do you play yourself? Eh! Ha! Hem! (*Vapouring.*) fellow?

Lamp. Yes, sir; and sir, I have just now engaged a new actor, Mr. Rover. Such an actor! but I dare say, sir, you've heard of Mr. Rover.

Rov. Eh! What! you've engaged that—what's his name, Rover? If such is your best actor, you sha'n't have my permission. My dear madam, the

worst fellow in the world. Get along out of the town, or I'll have all of you, man, woman, child, stick, rag, and fiddlestick, clapt into the whirligig.

Lady Am. Good man, abide not here.

Rov. Eh! What! my friend? Now, indeed if this new actor you brag of, this crack of your company, was any thing like a gentleman— *(Turns to him.)*

Lamp. (Stares.) It isn't!

Rov. It is. My good friend, if I was really the unfortunate poor strolling dog you thought me, I should tread your four boards, and crow the cock of your barn-door fowl; but as fate has ordained that I'm a gentleman, and son to Sir, Sir—what the devil's my father's name? *(Aside.)* you must be content to murder Shakspeare without making me an accomplice.

Lamp. But, my most gentle sir, I, and my treasurer, Trap have trumpeted your fame ten miles round the country:—the bills are posted, the stage built, the candles book'd, fiddles engaged, all on the tip-top of expectation. We should have to-morrow night an overflow, ay, thirty pounds. Dear, worthy sir, you wou'dn't go to ruin a whole community and their families, that now depend only on the exertion of your brilliant talents.

Lady Am. Since thou hast promised, much as I prize my adherence to those customs in which I was brought up, thou shalt not sully thy honour by a breach of thy word; for truth is more shining than beaten gold. Play, if it can bring good to these people.

Rov. Shall I?

Lady Am. This falleth out well; for I have bidden all the gentry round unto my house-warming, and these pleasantries may afford them a cheerful and innocent entertainment.

Rov. True, my lady; your guests an't quakers, tho' you are; and when we ask people to our house,

we study to please them, not ourselves. But if we do furbish a play or two, the Muses sha'n't honour that churlish fellow's barn. No, the God that illumines the soul of genius should never visit the iron door of inhumanity. No Gammon's barn for me!—

Lady Am. Barn! no; that gallery shall be thy theatre; and, in spite of the grave doctrines of Ephraim Smooth, my friends and I, will behold and rejoice in thy pranks, my pleasant cousin.

Rov. My kind, my charming lady! Hey, brighten up, bully Lamp, carpenters, tailor, manager, distribute your box tickets for my lady's gallery.—

"Come, gentle coz,"

"*The actors are at hand, and by their show*

"*You shall know all*

"*That you are like to know.*"

(Exeunt; Rov. and Lady Am. R. H. *Lamp,* L. H. D.*)*

SCENE II.—*The Inn.*

Enter SIR GEORGE THUNDER, *(agitated) and* LANDLORD, R. H.

Sir Geo. I can hear nothing of these deserters; yet by my first intelligence, they'll not venture up to London. They must still be lurking about the country. Landlord, have any suspicious persons put in at your house?

Landl. Yes, sir; now and then.

Sir Geo. Zounds! what do you do with them?

Landl. Why, sir, when a man calls for liquor that I think has no money, I make him pay beforehand.

Sir Geo. Damn your liquor, you self-interested porpoise! Chatter your own private concerns, when the public good, or fear of general calamity, should be the only compass. These fellows that I'm in pursuit of, have run from their ships: if our navy's unmann'd, what becomes of you and your house, you dunghill cormorant?

Landl. This is a very abusive sort of a gentleman; but he has a full pocket, or he wouldn't be so saucy.

(Aside.—Exit R. H.*)*

Sir Geo. This rascal, I believe, doesn't know I'm Sir George Thunder. Winds still variable, blow my affairs right athwart each other.—To know what's become of my runagate son Harry—and there my rich lady niece, pressing and squeezing up the noble plumage of our illustrious family in her little, mean quaker bonnet; but I must up to town after—'Sblood when I catch my son Harry! Oh, here's John Dory.

Enter JOHN DORY, L. H.

Have you taken the places in the London coach for me?

John. Hahoy! your honour, is that yourself?

Sir Geo. No, I'm beside myself—heard any thing of my son?—

John. What's o'clock?

Sir Geo. What do you talk of clocks or time-pieces —All glasses' reck'ning, and log-line, are run mad with me.

John. If it's two, your son is at this moment walking with lady Amaranth in her garden.

Sir Geo. With Lady Amaranth?

John. If half after, they're cast anchor to rest themselves amongst the posies; if three, they're got up again; if four, they're picking a bit of cramm'd fowl; and, if half after, they're picking their teeth and cracking walnuts over a bottle of Calcavella.

Sir Geo. My son! my dear friend, where did you find him?

John. Why, I found him where he was, and I left him where he is.

Sir Geo. What, and he came to Lady Amaranth's?

John. No; but I brought him there from this house in her ladyship's chariot. I won't tell him Master Harry went amongst the players, or he'd

never forgive him. (*Aside.*) Oh! such a merry, civil, crazy, crack-brain! the very picture of your honour.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! What he's in high spirits? ha, ha, ha! the dog! (*Joyfully.*) But I hope he's had discretion enough to throw a little gravity over his mad humour, before his prudent cousin.

John. He threw himself on his knees before her, and that did quite as well.

Sir Geo. Ha, ha, ha! made love to her already! Oh, the impudent, the cunning villain! What, and may be he— (*With great glee.*)

John. Indeed he did give her a smack.

Sir Geo. Me! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he's your's! a chip of the old block.

Sir Geo. He is! he is! ha, ha, ha!

John. Oh, he threw his arms around her as eager as I would to catch a falling decanter of Madeira.

Sir Geo. Huzza! victoria! Here will be a junction of two bouncing estates! but confound the money. John, you shall have a bowl for a jolly boat to swim in; roll in here a puncheon of rum, a hogshead of sugar, shake an orchard of oranges, and let the landlord drain his fishpond yonder. (*Sings.*) "A bumper! a bumper of good liquor," &c.

John. Then my good master, Sir George, I'll order a bowl in, since you are in the humour for it —"We'll dance a little and sing a little."

(*Exit singing*, R. H.)

Sir Geo. And so the wild rogue is this instant rattling up her prim ladyship. Eh, isn't this he? Left her already.

Enter HARRY, L. H. S. E.

Har. I must have forgot my cane in this room. —My father! Eh! zounds!

Sir Geo. (*Looks at his Watch.*) Just half after four! Why, Harry, you've made great haste in cracking your walnuts.

Har. Yes, he's heard of my frolics with the players. *(Aside.)* Dear father, if you'll but forgive—

Sir Geo. Why, indeed, Harry, you've acted very bad.

Har. Sir, it should be considered I was but a novice.

Sir Geo. However, I shall think of nothing now but your benefit.

Har. Very odd his approving of—*(Aside.)* I thank you, sir, but, if agreeable to you, I've done with benefits.

Sir Geo. If I wasn't the best of fathers, you might indeed hope none from me; but no matter, if you can but get the "*Fair Quaker.*"

Har. Or, "*The Humours of the Navy,*" sir?

Sir Geo. What, how dare you reflect on the humours of the navy? The navy has very good humours, or I'd never see your dog's face again, you villain! But I'm cool. What, eh, boy, a snug, easy chariot?

Har. I'll order it. Waiter, desire my father's carriage to draw up! *(Calls off* L. H.*)*

Sir Geo. Mine, you rogue! I've none here. I mean Lady Amaranth's.

Har. Yes, sir, Lady Amaranth's chariot!

(Calling off.)

Sir Geo. What are you at? I mean that which you left this house in.

Har. Chariot! sir, I left this house on foot.

Sir Geo. What, with John Dory?

Har. No, sir, with Jack Rover.

Sir Geo. Why, John has been a rover to be sure; but now he's settled since I've made him my valet-de-chambre.

Har. Make him your valet! Why, sir, where did you meet him?

Sir Geo. Zounds! I met him on board, and I met him on shore, and in the cabin, steerage, gallery, and forecastle. He sailed round the world with me.

Har. Strange this, sir! certainly, I understood he had been in the East Indies, but he never told me he even knew you;—but, indeed, he knew me only by the name of Dick Buskin.

Sir Geo. Then how came he to bring you to Lady Amaranth's.

Har. Bring me where?

Sir Geo. Answer me. An't you now come from her ladyship's?

Har. (Stares) Me! Not I.

Sir Geo. Ha! this is a lie of John's to enhance his own services. Then you have not been there?

Har. There! I don't know where you mean, sir.

Sir Geo. Yes; 'tis all a brag of John's, but I'll—

Enter JOHN DORY, R. H.

John. The rum and sugar is ready; but as for the fish-pond—

Sir Geo. I'll kick you into it, you thirsty old Grampus.

John. Will you? Then I'll make a comical roasted orange.

Sir Geo. How dare you say you brought my son to Lady Amaranth's.

John. And who says I did not?

Sir Geo. He that best should know; only Dick Buskin here.

John. Then, Dick Buckskin might find some other amusement than shooting off his guns here.

Sir Geo. Did you bring my son to Lady Amaranth's in her chariot?

John. And to be sure I did.

Sir Geo. There, what do you say to that?

Har. I say it's false.

John. (Crosses to L. H.*)* False! shiver my hulk, Mr. Buckskin, if you wore a lion's skin, I'd curry you for this. *(Exit, in a rage,* L. H.*)*

Sir Geo. No, no, John's honest; I see thro' it now. The puppy has seen her, perhaps he has the impudence not to like her, and so blows up this confusion and perplexity only to break off a marriage that I've set my heart on.

Har. What does he mean? Sir, I'll assure you—

Sir Geo. Damn your assurance, you disobedient, ungrateful—I'll not part with you 'till I confront you with Lady Amaranth herself, face to face, and if I prove you've been deceiving me, I'll launch you into the wide ocean of life without rudder, compass, grog, or tobacco.

(Exeunt L. H.*)*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Lady Amaranth's House.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *reading*, R. H.

Lady Am. The fanciful flights of my pleasant cousin enchant my senses. This book he gave me to read containeth good moral. The man, Shakspeare, that did write it, they call immortal; he must indeed have been filled with a divine spirit. I understand, from my cousin, the origin of plays were religious mysteries; that, freed from the superstition of early, and the grossness of latter ages, the stage is now the vehicle of delight and morality. If so, to hear a good play, is taking the wholesome draught of precept from a golden cup, emboss'd with gems: yet, my giving countenance to have one in my house, and even to act in it myself, prove the ascendancy that my dear Harry hath over my heart—Ephraim Smooth is much scandalized at these doings.

Enter EPHRAIM R. H.

Eph. This mansion is now the tabernacle of Baal.

Lady Am. Then abide not in it.

Eph. 'Tis full of the wicked ones.

Lady Am. Stay not amongst the wicked ones.

(Loud laughing without, R H.*)*

Eph. I must shut mine ears.

Lady Am. And thy mouth also, good Ephraim. I have bidden my cousin Henry to my house, and I will not set bounds to his mirth to gratify thy spleen, and shew mine own inhospitality.

Eph. Why dost thou suffer him to put into the hands of thy servants, books of tragedies, and books of comedies, prelude, interlude, yea, all lewd? My spirit doth wax wrath. I say unto thee, a playhouse is

the school for the old dragon, and a play-book the primmer of Beelzebub.

Lady Am. This is one; mark! *(Reads.)* "Not "the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, the mar- "shal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe, become them "with one half so good a grace as mercy doth. Oh, "think on that, and mercy then will breathe within "your lips like man new made!"—Doth Beelzebub speak such words?

Eph. Thy kinsman hath made all thy servants actors.

Lady Am. To act well is good service.

Eph. Here cometh the damsel for whom my heart yearneth.

Enter JANE, *(Reading a paper joyfully.)* R. H.

Jane. Oh, ma'am his honour, the squire, says the play's to be "As you like it."

Eph. I like it not.

Jane. He's given me my character. I'm to be Miss Audrey, and brother Sim's to be William of the Forest, as it were. But how am I to get my part by heart.?

Lady Am. By often reading it.

Jane. Well, I don't know but that's as good as any other. But I must study my part. "The gods give us joy." *(Exit,* R. H.*)*

Eph. Thy maidens skip like young kids.

Lady Am. Then do thou go skip with them.

Eph. Mary, thou should'st be obeyed in thine own house, and I will do thy bidding.

Lady Am. Ah, thou hypocrite! to obey is easy, when the heart commands.

Enter ROVER. R. H. *and goes to* LADY AMARANTH.

Rov. Oh, my charming cousin, how agree you and Rosalind? Are you almost perfect? "Eh, what all

"a-mort, old Clytus?" "Why, you're like an angry "fiend broke in among the laughing gods."—Come, come, I'll have nothing here but "quips and cranks, "and wreathed smiles, such as dwell on Hebe's "cheek." *(Looking at Lady Amaranth.)*

Lady Am. He says we mus'n't have this amusement.

Rov. "But I'm a voice potential, double as the duke's, and I say, we must."

Eph. Nay.

Rov. Yea; "By Jupiter, I swear, aye,"

(Music without R. H.)

Eph. I must shut my ears. The man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat.

Enter LAMP, *with a Violin*, R. H.

Lamp. Now, if agreeable to your ladyship, we'll go over your song. *(Crosses to centre.)*

Eph. I will go over it. *(Snatches the book from Lamp, throws it on the ground, and steps on it.)*

Rov. Trample on Shakspeare! "You sacrilegious "thief, that, from a shelf the precious diadem stole, "and put it in thy pocket!" *(Takes up the book and presents it to Lady Amaranth.)*—Silence "thou owl of Crete," and hear the "Cuckoo's song."

Lady Am. To practice it I'm content.

(Lamp begins to play. Eph. jostles him and puts him out of tune, he begins again, Ephraim jostles him a second time.)

Lamp. Why' what's that for, my dear sir?

Eph. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I've as much right to move my elbow as thou hast to move thine. *(Rover comes behind, between Lamp and Ephraim and pushes him.)* Why dost thou so friend?

Rov. Friend, this is a land of freedom, and I have as much right to move my elbow, as thou hast to move thine. *(Mimicking.—Shoves Eph. out,* R. H.) "VerilyI could smite that Amalekite till the going "down of the sun."

Lady Am. But, Harry, do your people of fashion act these follies themselves?

Rov. Ay, and scramble for the top parts as eager as for star, riband, place, or pension; and no wonder, for a good part in a play is the first good character some of them ever had. Lamp, decorate the seats out smart and theatrical, and drill the servants that I've giv'n the small parts to— *(Exit Lamp,* R. H.*)*

Lady Am. I wished for some entertainment in which gay people now take delight, to please those I have invited! but we'll convert these follies into a charitable purpose. *(Crosses to* R. H.*)* Tickets for this day shall be delivered unto my friends gratis; but money to their amount, I will, from my own purse, after rewarding our assistants, distribute amongst the indigent of the village. Thus, whilst we please ourselves, and perhaps amuse our friends, we shall make the poor happy. *(Exit,* R. H.*)*

Rov. An angel! If Sir George doesn't soon arrive to blow me, I may, I think, marry her angelic ladyship; but will that be honest? She's nobly born, tho' I suspect I had ancestors too, if I knew who they were. I certainly entered this house the poorest wight in England, and what must she imagine when I am discovered? That I am a scoundrel, and consequently, tho' I should possess her hand and fortune, instead of loving, she'll despise me. *(Sits down.)* I want a friend now to consult—deceive her I will not. Poor Dick Buskin wants money more than myself, yet this is a measure I'm sure he'd scorn. No, no, I must not.

Enter HARRY, L. H.

Har. Now I hope my passionate father will be convinced that this is the first time I was ever under this roof. Eh, what beau is here? Astonishing! my old strolling friend! *(Unperceived sits by Rover.)*

Rov. Heigho! I do'nt know what to do.

Har. (In the same tone.) "Nor what to say."

Rov. (Turns.) Dick Buskin! My dear fellow; Ha, ha, ha! Talk of the devil, and—I was just thinking of you–'pon my soul, Dick, I'm so happy to see you.— *(Shakes hands cordially.)*

Har. But Jack, eh, perhaps you found me out.

Rov. Found you! I'm sure I wonder how the deuce you found me out. Ah, the news of my intended play has brought you.

Har. He doesn't know as yet who I am, so I'll carry it on. *(Aside.)* Then, you, too, have broke your engagement with Truncheon at Winchester; figuring it away in your stage clothes too. Really tell us what you are at here, Jack?

Rov. Will you be quiet with your Jacking? I'm now 'Squire Harry.

Har. What?

Rov. I've been pressed into this service by an old man of war, who found me at the inn, and, insisting I'm son to a Sir George Thunder, here, in that character, I flatter myself I have won the heart of the charming lady of this house.

Har. Now the mystery's out. *(Aside.)* Then it's my friend Jack has been brought here for me. Do you know the young gentleman they take you for?

Rov. No; but I flatter myself he is honoured in his representative.

Har. Upon my soul, Jack, you're a very high fellow.

Rov. I am, now I can put some pounds in your pockets; you shall be employed—we're getting up—"*As You Like It.*"—Let's see, in the cast, have I a part for you—egad I'll take Touchstone from Lamp, you shall have it, my boy; I'd resign Orlando to you with any other Rosalind: but the lady of the mansion plays it herself, you rogue.

Har. The very lady my father intended for me. *(Aside.)* Do you love her, Jack?

Rov. To distraction: but I'll not have her.

Har. No! Why?

Rov. She thinks me a gentleman, and I'll not convince her I'm a rascal.

Har. The generous fellow I ever thought him, and he sha'nt lose by it. If I could make him believe—*(Aside.)*—Well, this is the most whimsical affair! You've anticipated, superseded me, ha, ha, ha! You'll scarce believe that I'm come here too, purposely tho' to pass myself for this young Henry.

Rov. No!

Har. I am.

Sir Geo. (Without. L. H.*)* Harry, where are you?

Rov. Eh! Who's that?

Har. Ah, ah, ah! I'll try it, my father will be cursedly vexed; but no other way.— *(Aside.)*

Rov. Somebody called Harry—Zounds, "if the real Simon Pure" should be arrived, I'm in a fine way!

Har. Be quiet—that's my confederate.

Rov. Eh!

Har. He's to personate the father, Sir George. He started the scheme, having heard that a union was intended, and Sir George not immediately expected—our plan is, if I can, before his arrival, flourish myself into the lady's good graces, and whip her up, as she's an heiress.

Rov. But who is this comrade?

Har. One of our company, a devilish good actor in the old man.

Rov. So you're turn'd fortune-hunter? Oh, ho! then 'twas on this plan that you parted with me on the road, standing like a finger-post, "you walk up that way, and I must walk down this." *(Mimicks.)* Why, Dick, I did'n't know you were half so capital a rogue.

Har. I did'n't know my forte lay that way, 'till persuaded by this experienc'd stager.

Rov. He must be an impudent old scoundrel; who is he? Do I know him?

Har. Why, no—I hope not. *(Aside.)*

Rov. I'll step down stairs, and have the honour of—I'll kick him.

Har. Stop!—No, I wouldn't have him hurt neither.

Rov. What's his name?

Har. His name is—is—Abrawang.

Rov. Abrawang! Abrawang! I never heard of him; but, Dick why wou'd you let him persuade you to such a scandalous affair?

Har. Why, faith, I would have been off it; but when once he takes a project into his head, the devil himself can't drive him out of it.

Rov. Yes, but the constable may drive him into Winchester gaol.

Har. Eh! Your opinion of our intended exploit has made me ashamed of myself—ha, ha, ha! Harkye Jack, to frighten and punish my adviser, do you still keep on your character of young 'squire Thunder—you can easily do that, as he no more than myself, has ever seen the young gentleman.

Rov. Well I'll go on with our play, as the produce is appropriated to a good purpose, and then lay down my 'squireship, bid adieu to my heavenly Rosalind, and exit for ever from her house, poor Jack Rover. *(Exit,* R. H.*)*

Har. Ha, ha, ha! this is the drollest——Rover little suspects that I'm the identical 'squire Thunder that he personates.—I'll lend him my character a little longer—Yes, this offers a most excellent opportunity of making my poor friend's fortune, without injuring any body; if possible he shall have her. I can't regret the loss of charms I never knew, and as for an estate, my father's is competent to all my

wishes. Lady Amaranth, by marrying Jack Rover, will gain a man of honour, which she might miss in an earl—it may tease my father a little at first, but he's a good old fellow in the main, and I think, when he comes to know my motive—Eh! this must be she—an elegant woman faith! Now for a spanking lie to continue her in the belief that Jack is the man she thinks him.

Enter LADY AMARANTH, R. H.

Lady Am. Who art thou, friend?

Har. Madam, I've scarce time to warn you against the danger you are in of being imposed upon by your uncle, Sir George.

Lady Am. How?

Har. He has heard of your ladyship's partiality for his son; but is so incensed at the irregularity of his conduct, he intends, if possible, to disinherit him; and, to prevent your honouring him with your hand, had engaged, and brought me hither, to pass me on you for him, designing to treat the poor young gentleman himself as an impostor, in hopes you'll banish him your heart and house.

Lady Am. Is Sir George such a parent? I thank thee for thy caution! What is thy name?

Har. Richard Buskin, ma'am; the stage is my profession. In the young squire's late excursion, we contracted an intimacy, and I saw so many good qualities in him, that I could not think of being the instrument of his ruin, nor deprive your ladyship of so good a husband, as I'm certain he'll make.

Lady Am. Then Sir George intends to disown him?

Har. Yes, ma'am; I've this moment told the young gentleman of it; and he's determined, for a jest, to return the compliment, by seeming to treat Sir George himself as an impostor.

Lady Am. Ha, ha, ha! 'twill be a just retaliation,

and, indeed, what my uncle deserveth for his cruel intentions both to his son and me.

Sir Geo. (Without.) What, has he run away again!

Lady Am. That's mine uncle.

Har. Yes, here is my father; and my standing out that I am not his son, will rouse him into the heat of battle, ha, ha, ha! *(Aside.)* Here he is, madam, now mind how he will dub me 'squire.

(Harry retires up.)

Lady Am. It's well I'm prepared, or I might have believed him.

Enter SIR GEORGE, L. H.

Sir Geo. Well, my lady, wasn't it my wild rogue set you to all the Calcavella capers you've been cutting in the garden? You see here I have brought him into the line of battle again—you villain, why do you drop astern there? Throw a salute shot, buss her bob-stays, bring to, and come down straight as a mast, you dog. *(Har. comes down centre.)*

Lady Am. Uncle, who is this?

Sir Geo. Who is he? Ha, ha, ha! Gad that's an odd question to the fellow that has been cracking your walnuts.

Lady Am. He is bad at his lesson.

Sir Geo. Certainly, when he ran from school—why don't you speak, you lubber? you're curst modest now, but before I came, 'twas all down amongst the posies. Here, my lady, take from a father's hand, Harry Thunder.

Lady Am. That is what I may not.

Sir Geo. There, I thought you'd disgust her, you flat fish!

Enter ROVER, R. H.

Lady Am. (*Taking Rover's hand.*) Here, take from my hand, Harry Thunder.

Sir Geo. Eh! *(Staring at Rover.)*

Rov. Eh! Oh! This is your sham Sir George? *(Apart.)*

Har. (R. H.) Yes; I've been telling the lady, and she'll seem to humour him.

Rov. I shan't tho'. (*To Harry.*) How do you do Abrawang? (*Crosses to Sir George.*)

Sir Geo. Abrawang!

Rov. You look like a good actor.—Ay, that's very well, indeed—never lose sight of your character—You know, Sir George, is a noisy, turbulent, wicked old seaman.—Angry! bravo!—pout your under lip, purse your brows—very well! But, dem it, Abrawang, you should have put a little red upon your nose—mind a rule, and ever play an angry old man, with a red nose.

Sir Geo. Nose! (*Walks about in a passion.*)

Rov. Very well! that's right! strut about on your little pegs.

Sir Geo. I'm in such a fury.

Rov. We know that. Your figure is the most happy comedy squab I ever saw, why only shew yourself, and you set the audience in a roar.

Sir Geo. S'blood and fire!

Rov. "Keep it up, I like fun."

Lady Am. Who is this? (*To Sir Geo. pointing to Rover.*)

Sir Geo. Some puppy unknown.

Lady Am. And you don't know this gentleman? (*To Rover, points to Sir Geo.*)

Rov. "Excellent well! He's a fishmonger."

Sir Geo. A what?

Lady Am. Yes, father and son are determined not to know each other. (*To Rov.*) You know this youth?

Rov. (*To Harry.*) "My friend, Horatio"—"I "wear him in my heart's core, yea, in my heart of "hearts," as I do thee. (*Embracing Lady Am.*)

Sir Geo. Such freedom with my niece before my face! Do you know that lady; do you know my son, sir?

Rov. Be quiet. "Jaffier has discovered the plot, and you can't deceive the Senate."

Har. Yes, my conscience wou'dn't let me carry it thro'.

Rov. "Ay, his conscience hanging about the neck "of his heart, says, good Launcelot, and good Gob-"bo, as aforesaid, good Launcelot Gobbo, take to "thy heels and run."

Sir Geo. Why, my lady! explain, scoundrel and puppy unknown.

Lady Am. Uncle, I have heard thy father was kind to thee;—return that kindness to thy child. If the lamb in wanton play doth fall among the waters, the shepherd taketh him out, instead of plunging him deeper till he dieth. Though thy hairs now be grey, I'm told they were once flaxen: in short, he is too old in folly, who cannot excuse it in youth. *(Exit,* R. H.*)*

Sir Geo. I'm an old fool! Well, that's damn'd civil of you, madam niece, and I'm a grey shepherd —with her visions and her vines, and her lambs in a ditch; but as for you, young Mr. Goat, I'll butt you——

Rov. My dear Abrawang, give up the game—her ladyship, in seeming to take you for her uncle, has been only humming you! What the devil, don't you think the fine creature knows her own true born uncle?

Sir Geo. Certainly; to be sure she knows me.

Rov. Will you have done? Zounds, man, my honour'd father was here himself to-day—Her ladyship knows his person.

Sir Geo. Your honour'd father! And who's your honour'd self?

Rov. "Now, by my father's son, and that's myself, "it shall be sun, moon, or a Cheshire cheese—be-"fore I budge—still cross'd and cross'd."

Sir Geo. What do you bawl out to me of a Cheshire cheese, I say—

Rov. "And I say, as the saying is"—your friend Dick, has told me all; but to convince you of my forgiveness, in our play, as you're a rough and tough, I'll cast you Charles the Wrestler, I do Orlando; I'll kick up your heels before the whole court.

(*Crosses to* R. H.)

Sir Geo. Why, damme, I'll—And you, you undutiful chick of an old pelican. (*Lifting up his cane to strike Harry.*)

Enter JOHN DORY. L. H. *who receives the blow.*

John. What are you at here? cudjelling the people about? But Mr. Buckskin, I've a word to say to you in private.

Sir Geo. Buckskin! take that. (*Beats him.*)

(*Exeunt Harry and John*, L. H.)

Enter LAMP *and* TRAP, R. H. *and two male, and two Female Servants.*

Lamp. "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women"—

Sir Geo. The men are rogues, and the women hussies—I'll make a clear stage. (*Beats them, off* R. H. *and among the rest strikes Rover, and exit*, L. H.)

Rov. "A blow! Essex, a blow!"—An old rascally impostor stigmatizing me with a blow!—No, I must not put up with it.—Zounds! I shall be tweak'd by the nose all round the country—I'll follow him.—"Strike me! so may this arm dash him to the earth, like a dead dog despised—blindness and leprosy, lameness and lunacy, pride, shame, and the name of villain light on me if I don't" bang—Mr. Abrawang. (*Exit*, L. H.)

SCENE II.—*Another apartment.*

Enter LADY AMARANTH, *and* BANKS, L. H.

Banks. Madam, I could have paid the rent of my little cottage; but I dare say 'twas without your

ladyship's knowledge that your steward has turn'd me out, and put my neighbour in possession.

Lady Am. My steward oppress the poor! I did not know it indeed.

Banks. The pangs of adversity I could bear; but the innocent partner of my misfortunes, my unhappy sister—

Lady Am. I did desire Ephraim to send for thy sister.—Did she dwell with thee? and both now without a home? Let her come to mine.

Banks. The hand of misery has struck us beneath your notice.

Lady Am. Thou dost mistake.—To need my assistance is the highest claim to my attention; let me see her.— (*Exit Banks*, L. H.)
I could chide myself that these pastimes have turned my eye from the house of woe. Ah! think, ye proud and happy affluent, how many, in your dancing moments, pine in want, drink the salt tear; their morsel, the bread of misery, and shrinking from the cold blast into their cheerless hovels.

Enter BANKS, L. H. *Leading in Amelia.*

Banks. Madam, my sister.
(*Bows and retires*, L. H.)

Lady Am. Thou art welcome—I feel myself interested in thy concerns.

Ame. Madam!

Lady Am. Is thy brother thy sole kindred?

Ame. I had a husband, and a son.

Lady Am. A widow! If it recal not images thou wouldst forget,—impart to me thy story.—'Tis rumour'd in the village, thy brother is a clergyman—tell me.

Ame. Madam, he was; but he has lost his early patron; and is now poor and unbeneficed.

Lady Am. But thy husband—

Ame. By this brother's advice, now twenty years

since, I was prevailed on to listen to the addresses of a young sea-officer, (for my brother has been a chaplain in the navy) but to our surprise and mortification, we discovered, by the honesty of a sailor in whom he put confidence, that the captain's design was only to decoy me into a seeming marriage; he ordered him to procure a counterfeit clergyman; our humble friend, instead of us, put the deceit upon his master, by concealing from him that my brother was in orders; he, flattered with the hopes of procuring me an establishment, gave into the supposed imposture, and performed the ceremony.

Lady Am. Duplicity, even with a good intent, is ill.

Ame. Madam, the event has justified your censure; for my husband, not knowing himself really bound by any legal tie, abandon'd me—I followed him to the Indies, distracted, still seeking him—I left my infant at one of our settlements; but, after a fruitless pursuit, on my return, I found the friend to whose care I had committed my child, was compelled to retire from the ravages of war, but where I could not learn: rent with agonizing pangs, now without child or husband, I again saw England, and my brother, who, wounded with remorse, for being the means of my misfortunes, secluded himself from the joys of social life, and invited me to partake the comforts of solitude in that humble asylum, from whence we've both just now been driven.

Lady Am. My pity can do thee no good, yet I pity thee. Come let thy griefs subside, instead of thy cottage, accept thou and thy brother every convenience that my mansion can afford.

Ame. Madam, I can only thank you with—

(Weeps.)

Lady Am. My thanks are here—Come, thou shalt be cheerful. I will introduce thee to my sprightly cousin Harry, and his father, my humorous uncle;

we have delights going forward that may amuse thee.

Ame. Kind lady!

Lady Am. Come, smile—tho' a quaker, thou see'st I am merry.—The sweetest joy of wealth and power is to cheer another's drooping heart, and wipe from the pallid cheek, the tear of sorrow. *(Exeunt,* R. H.*)*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Wood.*

Enter THREE RUFFIANS, *dressed as Sailors*, L. H. U. E.

1*st. Ruf.* Well, now, what's to be done?

2*d Ruf.* Why, we've been long upon our shifts, and after all our tricks, twists, and turns, as London was then too hot for us, our tramp to Portsmouth was a hit.

3*d. Ruf.* Ay; but since the cash we touched, upon pretending to be able-bodied seamen, is now come to the last shilling, as we have deserted, means of a fresh supply to take us back to London must be thought on.

2*d. Ruf.* Ay, how to recruit the pocket without hazarding the neck.

1*st. Ruf.* By an advertisement posted on the stocks, yonder, there are collectors upon this road; thirty guineas are offered by the quaker lady, owner of the estate round here; I wish we could snap any straggler to bring before her. A quaker will only require a yea for an oath—*we* might *sack* these *thirty* guineas.

2*d. Ruf.* Yes; but we must take care, if we fall into the hands of this gentleman that's in pursuit of us—'Sdeath, isn't that his man, the old boatswain?

1*st. Ruf.* Don't run; I think we three are a match for him. Instantly put on your characters of sailors, we may get something out of him; a pitiful story makes such an impression on the soft heart of a true tar, that he'll open his hard hand and drop you his last guinea.—If we can but make him believe we were pressed, we have him, *only mind me.*

Enter JOHN DORY, L. H.

John. To rattle my lantern,—Sir George's temper now always blows a hurricane.

2*d. Ruf.* What cheer? *(To John.)*

3*d. Ruf.* Bob, up with your speaking trumpet.

2*d. Ruf.* Do you see, brother, this is the thing—

Enter SIR GEORGE *at the back, unperceived,* L. H. U. E.

Sir Geo. If these should be my deserters. *(Aside.)*

1*st. Ruf.* We three hands, just come home after a long voyage, were pressed in the river, and, without letting us see our friends, brought round to Portsmouth, and there we entered freely, 'cause why? We had no choice, then we run. We hear some gentleman is in chase of us, so as the shot are all out, we'll surrender.

John. Surrender! Oh, then you've no shot left indeed—lets see. *(Feels his pocket.)* I hav'nt the loading of a gun about me now, and this same Monsieur Poverty is a bitter bad enemy.

Sir Geo. They are the deserters that I've been after. *(Aside.)*

John. Meet me in an hour's time, in the little wood yonder, I'll raise a wind to blow you into safe latitude. Keep out to sea, my *master's* the rock you'll certainly split upon.

2*d Ruf.* This is the first time we ever saw you, but we'll steer by your chart, for I never knew one seaman to betray another. *(Exeunt Ruffians,* L. H.)

Sir Geo. Then they have been pressed—I can't blame them so much for running away.

John. Yes, Sir George would certainly hang 'em. *(Half aside.)*

Sir Geo. I wou'dn't, they shall eat beef, and drink success to the navy, run and tell them so—stop, I'll tell them myself. *(Crosses to* L. H.)

John. Why, now you are yourself, and a kind, good gentleman, as you used to be.

Sir Geo. Since these idle rogues are inclined to return to their duty, they sha'n't want sea-store—take them this money—but hold—I'll meet them myself, and advise them as I would my children.

(Exeunt, Sir George, L. H. *John,* R. H.*)*

SCENE II.—*A Wood.*

Enter ROVER, L. H. *greatly agitated, with pistols.*

Rov. Which way did Mr. Abrawang take? Dick Buskin, I think, has no suspicion of my intentions:—such a cholerick spark will fight, I dare say. If I fall, or even survive this affair, I leave the field of love and the fair prize to the young gentleman I've personated, for I'm determined to see lady Amaranth no more—oh, here comes Abrawang.

(Puts up the pistols.)

Enter SIR GEORGE, L. H.

Sir Geo. Now to relieve these foolish seagulls—they must be hovering about this coast—Ha! puppy unknown!—

Rov. You're the very man I was seeking.—You are not ignorant, Mr. Abrawang—

Sir Geo. Mr. what?

Rov. You will not resign your title, ha, ha, ha! Oh, very well, I'll indulge you;—*Sir George Thunder,* you honoured me with a blow.

Sir Geo. Did it hurt you?

Rov. 'Sdeath! but let me proceed like a gentleman; as it's my pride to reject even favours, no man shall offer me an injury.

Sir Geo. Eh!

Rov. In rank we're equal.

Sir Geo. Are we faith? *(Smiling.)* The English of all this is, we're to fight.

Rov. Sir, you've marked on me an indelible stain, only to be washed out by blood.

Sir Geo. Why, I've only one objection to fighting you.

Rov. What's that, sir?

Sir Geo. That you're too brave a lad to be killed.

Rov. Brave! No, sir; at present I wear the stigma of a coward.

Sir Geo. Zounds! I like a bit of fighting—hav'n't had a morsel a long time—don't know when I've smelt gunpowder—but to bring down a woodcock.

Rov. Take your ground.

Sir Geo. Yes, sir; but are we to thrust with bulrushes, like two frogs, or, like squirrels, to pelt each other with nut-shells? For I see no other weapons here.

Rov. Oh yes, sir; here are weapons.

(Presenting pistols.)

Sir Geo. Well, this is bold work, for a privateer to give battle to a ship of the line.

Rov. Try your charge, sir, and take your ground.

Sir Geo. I would not wish to sink, burn, or destroy, what I think was built for good service; but, damme, if I don't wing you, to teach you better manners—so take care of your copper nose.

Enter the THREE RUFFIANS, *not perceiving Rover.*

(2d Ruffian seizes and wrenches the piece from Sir George.)

Sir Geo. Ah, boys!

(2d Ruffian presents the piece at Sir George, Rover advances quick, and knocks it from his hand. They run off, L. H.)

Rov. Rascals! *(Pursues them.)*

Sir Geo. *(Takes up the other piece.)* My brave lad! I'll— *(Going,* L. H.)

Enter JOHN DORY, R. H.

John. No, you sha'n't. *(Holding him.)*

Sir Geo. The rogues will—

John. Never mind the rogues.—*(Noise of fighting without, a piece let off.)*

Sir Geo. 'Sblood! must I see my preserver perish. *(Struggling.)*

John. Well, I know I'm your preserver, and I will perish, but I'll bring you out of harm's way. *(Still holding him.)*

Sir Geo. Tho' he'd fight me himself—

John. Sure we all know you'd fight the devil.

Sir Geo. He saved my life.

John. I'll save your life. *(Whips him up in his arms.)* So hey! haul up, my noble little crab-walk. *(Exeunt,* R. H.*)*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Banks's Cottage.*

Enter FARMER GAMMON, BANKS, *and* SIM, R. H. *(Sim writing and crying.)*

F. Gam. Boy, go on with the inventory.

Sim. How unlucky!—Feyther to lay hold of me when I wanted to practice my part. *(Aside.)*

Banks. This proceeding is very severe, to lay an execution on my wretched trifling goods, when I thought—

F. Gam. Ay, you know you've gone up to the big house with your complaint—her ladyship's steward, to be sure, has made me give back your cottage, and farm; but your goods I seize for my rent.

Banks. Only leave me a very few necessaries—by the goodness of my neighbours, I may soon redeem what the law has put in your hands.

F. Gam. The affair is now in my lawyer's hands,

and plaintiff and defendant chattering about it, is all smoke.

Sim. Feyther, don't be so cruel to Mr. Banks.

F. Gam. I'll mark what I may want to keep for myself. Stay here, and see that not a pin's worth be removed without my knowledge. (*Aside to Sim.*)

(*Exit*, R. H.)

Sim. I'll be dom'd if I'll be your watch-dog, to bite the poor, that I won't. (*Sits on the table.*) Mr. Banks, as feyther intends to put up your goods at auction if you could but get a friend to buythe choice of them for you again. Sister Jane has got steward to advance her a quarter's wages, and when I've gone to sell corn for feyther, besides presents, I've made a market penny now and then. Here—it's not much; but every little helps. (*Takes out a small leather purse, and offers it to Banks.*)

Banks. I thank you, my good-natured boy; but keep your money.

Sim. Last summer, you saved me from being drown'd in Black Pool.

Banks. I don't remember that.

Sim. Don't you, but I'm dom'd if ever I forget it; if you'll not take this, ecod, I'll go to the pool directly and fling it in, and let old Nick save it from being drown'd, an'he can. (*Going.*)

Banks. My kind lad, then I'll not hurt your feelings by opposing your liberality. (*Takes it.*)

Sim. He, he, he! you've now given my heart such a pleasure as I never felt, nor I'm sure feyther afore me.

Banks. But, Sim, whatever may be his opinion of worldly prudence, still remember he's your parent.

Sim. I will. "—One elbow chair, one claw table, one little Dicky bird in a cage."

(*Exit, Sim, writing*, R. H. *Banks*, L. H.)

Enter AMELIA, R. H. S. E.

Ame. The confusion into which Lady Amaranth's family is thrown by the sudden departure, and apprehended danger of her young cousin, must have prevented her ladyship from giving that attention to our affairs, that I'm sure was her inclination. If I can but prevail on my brother too, to accept her protection.—Heaven's! who's this? *(Retires,* R. H.*)*

Enter ROVER, L. H. *hastily, his hair and dress much disordered.*

Rov. What a race! *(Panting.)* I've at last got from the blood-hounds! *(Sits on the table.)* Ah, if old Abrawang had but followed and backed me, we'd have tickled their catastrophies; but when they got me alone, three upon one were odds; so, safe's the word—whose house is this I've dashed into? Eh, the friendly cottage of my old gentleman—are you at home? *(Calls.)* Gadso! I had a hard struggle for it; yes murder, was their intent, so it was well for me that I was born without brains! I'm quite weak, faint! *(Leans on the Table.)*

Ame. (Advancing.) Sir, an't you well? *(With concern.)*

Rov. Madam, I ask pardon,--hem, yes Ma'am, very well, I thank you—now exceeding well--got into a fray there, in a kind of a hobble with some worthy gentlemen; only simple, honest farmers. I fancy they mistook me for a sheaf of barley, for they down with me, and then, and then thresh'd so heartily, gad, their flails flew merrily about my ears, but I got up, and when I could no longer fight like a mastiff, why, I—ran like a grey hound—But, dear, Ma'am pray excuse me. Egad, this is very rude, faith.

Ame. You seem disturbed; *(With emotion.)* will you take any refreshment?

Rov. Madam, you're very good. *(Sits on the table.)* Only a little of your currant wine, if you

please; if I don't forget it stands—just—*(Points off,* R. H. S. E.—*Amelia goes off,* R. H. S. E. *and brings some,)* upon the second shelf on your right hand. Madam, I've the honour of drinking your health. *(Drinks.)*

Ame. I hope you're not hurt, sir.

Rov. "A little better, but very weak still"—I had a sample of this before, and liked it so much, that, Madam—"Won't you take another?"

Ame. Sir! *(She declines.)*

Rov. Madam, if you'd been fighting, as I have, you'd—well, well, *(Fills and drinks.)* Now I'm as well as any man—"In Illyria," got a few hard knocks tho'.

Ame. You'd better repose a little, you seemed much disordered coming in.

Rov. (Places a chair, they sit.) Why, Ma'am, you must know, thus it was—

Enter TWITCH, R. H.

(As Amelia is going to sit, and takes the chair from her.)

Twitch. Come, Ma'am, Mr. Gammon says this chair is wanted to make up the half dozen above. *(Sits in the chair.)*

Rov. What! what's all this?

Twitch. Why, the furniture's seized on execution, and a man must do his duty.

Rov. Then, scoundrel, know, that a man's first duty is civility and tenderness to a woman. *(Rover throws Twitch out of the chair.)*

Ame. Heavens! where's my brother? This gentleman will bring himself into trouble. *(Retires.)*

Twitch. Master, d'ye see, I'm representative for his honour the High Sheriff.

Rov. Every High Sheriff should be a gentleman, and when he's represented by a rascal, he's dishonoured.—Dem it, I might as well live about Covent Garden, and every night get beating the watch;

for here, among groves and meadows, I'm always squabbling with constables. *(Rover sits, Twitch takes chair. Rover catches the stick from Twitch.)*

Twitch. Come, come, I must—

Rov. "As you say, sir, last Wednesday, so it was."—Sir, your most obedient humble servant—*(Bows respectfully,)* Pray, Sir, may I take the liberty to know, have you ever been astonished?

(With great ceremony.)

Twitch. What?

Rov. Because, sir, I intend to asonish you; my dear fellow, give me your hand. *(Takes him by the hand, beats him—he starts away to* R. H.) Now, sir, you are astonished.

Twitch. Yes; but see if I don't suit you with an action.

Rov. "Right, *suit the action to the word*, the word to the action, see if the gentlewoman be not affrighted"—"Michael, I'll make thee an example."

Twitch. Yes, fine example, when goods are seized here, by the law, and—

Rov. "Thou worm and maggot of the law!" "Hop me over every kennel, or you shall hop without my custom."

Twitch. I don't value your custom.

Rov. You are astonished, now I'll amaze you.

Twitch. No, sir, I won't be amazed—but only see if I don't—

Rov. Hop!

(Exit Twitch, beaten off by Rover, L. H. *who also goes off* L. H.*)*

Ame. I feel a strange curiosity to know who this young gentleman is. I find my heart interested, I can't account for—he must have known the house by the freedom—but then his gaiety, (without familiar rudeness) native elegance of manners, and good breeding, seem to make him at home any where—My brother, I think, must know—

Enter BANKS, L. H. *hastily, and agitated.*

Banks. Amelia, did you see the young gentleman that was here? Some ruffian fellows, and a posse of the country people have bound and dragged him from the door, on the allegation of three men who mean to swear he has robbed them. And they have taken him to Lady Amaranth's.

Ame. How! He did enter here in confusion as if pursued; but I'll stake my life on his innocence.

Banks. The freedom of his censures on Farmer Gammon's conduct, and the friendly office he did me, has brought the sordid churl's malice on him, and he has encouraged these ruffians, in hopes of the reward offered by Ephraim Smooth, for apprehending footpads, to drag the young fellow up to Lady Amaranth's, where the Farmer says, he has already appeared in a feigned character.

Ame. I'll speak to Lady Amaranth, and in spite of calumny, he shall have justice; he would not let me be insulted, because he saw me an unprotected woman, without a husband or a son, and shall he want an advocate? Brother, come. *(Exeunt,* L. H.*)*

SCENE IV.—*A Dressing Room at Lady Amaranth's; a Toilet on.*

Enter JANE, R. H. *with a light.*

Jane. I believe there's not a soul in the house but myself; my lady has sent all the folks round the country to search after the young 'squire, she'll certainly break her heart if any thing happens to him; I don't wonder, for surely he's a dear, sweet gentleman, the pity of it is, his going spoils all our fine play, and I had just got my part quite by heart; however, I must do the room up for Mr. Banks's sister, that my lady has invited here.

(Adjusts the Toilet.)

Enter EPHRAIM SMOOTH, R. H.

Eph. The man, John Dory, has carried the man George, hither in his arms, and has locked him up. Coming into the house, they did look to me like a blue lobster with a shrimp in his claws—Oh, here is the damsel I love, and alone.

Jane. They say when folks look in the glass at night, they see the black gentleman. *(As she's looking in the glass, Ephraim goes and peeps over her shoulders; she screams.)*

Eph. Thou art employ'd in vanity.

Jane. Well, who wants you?

Eph. It is natural for woman to love man.

Jane. Yes; but not such ugly men as you are. Why would you come in to frighten me, when you know there's nobody here but ourselves.

Eph. I am glad of that. I am the elm, and thou the honey-suckle; let thy arms entwine me.

Jane. Oh, what a rogue is here! but yonder comes my Lady, and I'll shew him off to her in his true colours. *(Aside.)*

Eph. Clasp me around.

Jane. Well, I will, if you'll take off your hat, and make me a fine low bow.

Eph. I cannot bend my knee, nor take off my beaver.

Jane. Then you're very impudent.—Go along.

Eph. But to win thy favour.

(Takes off his hat and bows.)

Jane. Now kneel down to me.

Eph. I cannot, but one lovely smile may smile me down. *(She smiles, he kneels.)*

Jane. Well now, read me a speech out of that fine play-book.

Eph. I read a play! a-bo-mi-na-ti-on!—But, Jane wilt thou kiss me?

Jane. I kiss a man!—a-bo-mi-na-ti-on! *(Mimicking.)* But you may take my hand.

Eph. Oh! 'tis a comfort to the lip of the faithful.
(Kisses her hand.)

Enter LADY AMARANTH, R. H.

Lady Am. How! *(Taps him gently on the shoulder, he looks up confounded)* Ah, thou sly and deceitful hypocrite!

Eph. Verily Mary, I was buffetted by Satan in the shape of a damsel.

Lady Am. Begone!

Eph. My spirit is sad, tho' my feet move so nimble. *(Exit, very slowly,* R. H.*)*

Lady Am. But, Oh, heavens, no tidings of my dearest Henry! Jane, let them renew their search.

Jane. Here's Madam Amelia, you see I've got her room ready; but I'll go make brother Sim look for the young 'squire *(Exit,* L. H.*)*

Enter AMELIA, L. H.

Ame. Oh, Madam, might I employ your influence with—

Lady Am. Thou art ill accommodated here; but I hope thou wilt excuse—My mind is a sea of trouble, my peace shipwreck'd—Oh, friend, hadst thou seen my cousin Harry, thou too, all who knew him, must be anxious for his safety—

John. (Without, L. H.*)* Heave a-head.

Enter SIR GEORGE, *and* JOHN DORY, L. H.

Sir Geo. Rascal! whip me up like a pound of tea, dance me about like a young bear, make me quit the preserver of my life! yes, puppy unknown will think me a poltroon, and that I was afraid to follow and second him.

John. Well, you may as well turn into your hammock; for out to night you shall not budge—*(Sees Amelia.)* Oh! marcy of heaven! isn't it—Eh, master? Only give one look.

Ame. (*Seeing Sir George.*) My husband!—(*Swoons; Lady Amaranth supports her.*)

Sir Geo. 'Tis my Amelia!

John. (*Stopping Sir Geo. and looking attentively at Amelia.*) Reef the foresail! first, you crack'd her heart by sheering off, and now, you'll overset her by bringing to.—

Ame. Are you at length returned to me, my Seymour?

Lady Am. Seymour! her mind is disturbed, this is mine uncle, Sir George Thunder.

John. No, no, my lady, she knows what she's saying, very well.

Sir Geo. Niece, I have been a villain to this lady I confess. But, my dear Amelia, Providence has done you justice in part. From the first month I quitted you, I have never entered one happy hour on my journal; hearing that you had founder'd, and considering myself the cause, the worm of remorse has gnawed my timbers.

Ame. You're not still offended with me.

Sir Geo. Me! can you forgive my offence, and condescend to take my hand as an atonement?

Ame. Your hand! Do you forget that we are already married.

Sir Geo. Ay, there was my rascality.

John. You may say that.

Sir Geo. Hold your tongue, you impudent crimp, you pander, you bad adviser,—I'll strike my false colours, I'll acknowledge the chaplain you provided was—

John. Was a good man, and a greater honour to his black, than your honour has been to your blue cloth—Eh, by the word of a seaman, here he is himself.

Enter BANKS, R. H.

Sir Geo. Your brother!

Banks. Captain Seymour! have I found you sir?

(*Crosses to Sir Geo.*)

Sir Geo. My dear Banks, I'll make every reparation. Amelia shall really be my wife.

Banks. That, sir, my sister is already; for when I performed the marriage ceremony, which you took only as the cloak of your deception, I was actually in orders.

John. *(Goes to Sir Geo.)* Now who's the crimp, and the pander? I never told you this; since, because I thought a man's own reflections were the best punishment for betraying an innocent woman.

Sir Geo. You shall be a post-captain, sink me, if you sha'n't.—*(Shakes hands with John Dory, who retires up the stage with Banks.)*

Lady Am. Madam, my inmost soul partaketh of thy gladness, and joy for thy reformation. *(To Sir George.)* But thy prior marriage to this lady, annuls the subsequent, and my cousin Harry is not now thy heir.

Sir Geo. So much the better; he's an unnatural cub; but, Amelia, I flatter myself I have an heir, my infant boy.—

Ame. Ah, husband, you had; but—

Sir Geo. Gone! well, well, I see I have been a miserable scoundrel—Eh, I will, yes, I'll adopt that brave, kind lad, that wouldn't let any body kill me but himself. He shall have my estate, that's my own acquisition—My lady, marry him, puppy unknown's a fine fellow! Amelia, only for him, you'd never have found out your husband Captain Seymour, in Sir George Thunder.

Ame. What?

Banks. Are you Sir George Thunder?

Enter EPHRAIM, L. H.

Eph. I am come to sit in judgment, for there is a bad man in thy house, Mary. Bring him before me.

Sir Geo. Before you old squintabus? And perhaps you don't know I'm a magistrate?

Eph. I'll examine him.

Sir Geo. You be damn'd—I'll examine him myself. (*Shoves Ephraim*) Tow him in here. I'll give him a passport to Winchester bilboes.

Ame. (*Kneels to Sir Geo.*) Oh, sir, as you hope for mercy, extend it to this youth; he protected, relieved your forsaken wife, and her unhappy brother, in the hour of want and sorrow.

Sir Geo. What, Amelia, plead for a robber! Consider, my love, justice is above bias or partiality. If my son violated the laws of his country! I'd deliver him up a public victim to disgrace and punishment.

Lady Am. Oh, my impartial uncle! Had thy country any laws to punish him, who, instead of paltry gold, would rob the artless virgin of her dearest treasure, in the rigid Judge, I should now behold the trembling criminal.

Enter TWITCH *with* ROVER, *bound, who keeps his face averted behind his hat, and two of the Ruffians*, L. H.

Eph. (*Advances.*) Speak thou.

Sir Geo. Hold thy clapper, thou. Who are the prosecutors?

Eph. Call in—

Sir Geo. Will nobody stop his mouth? (*John Dory carries him up the stage.*) Where are the prosecutors?

Twitch. There, tell his worship, the justice.

2d Ruf. A justice—Oh! the devil! I thought we should have nothing but quakers to deal with. (*Aside.*)

Sir Geo. Come, how did this fellow rob you?

2d Ruf. Why, your honour, I'll swear—(*In a feigned country voice.*)

Sir Geo. Clap down the hatches; secure these sharks.

John. That I will.

Rov. I thought I should find you here, Abrawang, and that you had some knowledge of these fellows.

Lady Am. Heavens! my cousin Harry! *(Aside.)*

Sir Geo. The devil! isn't this my spear and shield?

John. *(Advances.)* My young master—What, have they got you in the bilboes? Oh! what have you been at here? This rope may be wanted. *(Unbinds him.)*

Enter HARRY, L. H.

Har. My dear fellow, are you safe.

Rov. Yes, Dick, I was brought in here very safe, I assure you.

Har. A confederate in custody below has made a confession of their villainy, that they concerted this plan to accuse him of a robbery, first, for revenge, then, in hope to share the reward for apprehending him; he also owns they are not sailors, but depredators on the public.

John. Aye, I knew the rope would be wanted.

Sir Geo. Keep them safe in limbo. *(The Ruffians are taken off,* L. H.*)*—Not knowing that the Justice of Peace whom they've brought the lad now here before, is the very man they attack'd, ha, ha, ha! The rogues have fallen into their own snare.

Rov. What, now, you're a Justice of the Peace?—Well said, Abrawang!

Ame. Then, Sir George, you know him too?

Sir Geo. Know puppy unknown! to be sure.

Rov. Still, Sir George! What, then, you will not resign your knighthood? Madam, I am happy to see you again. *(Crosses to Amelia.)* Ah, how do you do, my kind host? *(Crosses and shakes hands with Banks.)*

Lady Am. I rejoice at thy safety,—Be reconciled to him. *(To Sir George.)*

Sir Geo. Reconciled!—If I don't love, respect, and honour him, I should be unworthy of the life he rescued. But who is he?

Har. Sir, he is—

Rov. Dick, I thank you for your good wishes; but I am still determined not to impose on this lady.—Madam, as I at first told this well-meaning tar, when he forced me to your house, I am not the son of Sir George Thunder.

John. No! Then I wish you were the son of an admiral, and I your father.

Har. You refuse the lady? To punish you I've a mind to take her myself. My dear cousin—

Rov. Stop Dick.—If I who adore her, won't, you shall not. No, no; madam, never mind what this fellow says, he's as poor as myself—Isn't he, Abrawang?

Har. Then, my dear Rover, since you are so obstinately disinterested, I'll no longer teaze my father, whom you here see, and in your strolling friend, his very truant Harry, that ran from Portsmouth school, and joined you and your fellow comedians.

Rov. Indeed!

Har. (Crosses to Lady Amaranth.) Dear cousin, forgive me, if thro' my zeal for the happiness of my friend, I endeavoured to promote yours, by giving you a husband more worthy than myself.

(To Lady Amaranth.)

Rov. Am I to believe! Madam, is your uncle, Sir George Thunder, in this room?

Lady Am. He is. *(Looking at Sir George.)*

Rov. 'Tis so! you are in reality, what I've had the impudence to assume! and have perplexed your father with my ridiculous effrontery. *(Crosses to John Dory, angrily.)* I told you, I insisted I was not the person you took me for, but you must bring your

damn'd chariot! I am ashamed, and mortified. Madam, I beg to take my leave.

Eph. (R. H.) Thou art welcome to go. *(John Dory pushes Ephraim up stage, who seats himself at Toilette.)*

Rov. (Bows and crosses to Sir George.) Sir Geo. as the father of my friend, I cannot lift my hand against you; but I hope, sir, you'll apologize to me. *(Apart.)*

Sir Geo. Ay, with pleasure, my noble splinter—now tell me from what dock you were launch'd my heart of oak!

Rov. I've heard, in England, sir; but from my earliest knowledge, till within a very few years, I've been in the East Indies.

Sir Geo. Beyond seas? Well, and how?

Rov. It seems I was committed an infant to the care of a lady, who was herself obliged by the *gentle* Hyder Ally, to strike her toilet, and decamp without beat of drum, leaving me, a chubby little fellow, squatted on a carpet. A serjeant's wife alone returned, and snatched me off triumphant, thro' fire, smoke, cannon, cries and carnage.

Lady Am. Dost thou mark? *(To Amelia.)*

Ame. Sir, can you recollect the name of the town where——

Rov. Yes, ma'am the town was Negapatnam.

Ame. I thank you, sir.

(Gazes with delight and earnestness on Rover.)

Rov. An officer who'd much rather act Scrub on the stage, than Hotspur in the field, brought me up behind the scenes at the Calcutta theatre—I was roll'd on the boards; acted myself into the favour of a colonel, promised a pair of colours; but, impatient to find my parents, hid myself in the steerage of an homeward bound ship, *(Ephraim comes down* R. H. *corner.)* assumed the name of Rover from the uncertainty of my fate, and having murdered more poets than Rajahs, stept on English ground unencumbered with

rupees or pagodas. Ha, ha! would'st thou come home so, little Ephraim?

Eph. Nay; I would have brought myself home with some money. *(Exit, Ephraim,* R. H.*)*

Ame. Excuse my curiosity, sir, what was the lady's name in whose care you were left.

Rov. Oh, ma'am, she was the lady of a Major Linstock; but I heard my mother's name was Seymour?

Sir Geo. Why, Amelia?

Ame. My son!

Rov. Madam!

Ame. It is my Charles! *(Embraces him.*

John. (Sings and capers.) Tol, lol, lol, tho' I never heard it before, my heart told me he was a chip of the old block.

Ame. Your father!—

(To Rover, pointing to Sir George.)

Rov. Can it!—Heaven! then have I attempted to raise my impious hand against a parent's life!

Sir Geo. My dear, brave boy! Then have I a son with spirit to fight me as a stranger, yet defend me as a father.

Lady Am. Uncle, you'll recollect 'twas I who first introduced a son to thee. *(Takes him by the hand.)*

Sir Geo. And I hope you'll next introduce a grandson to me, young sly boots.—*(Joins their Hands, and goes* L. H.*)*—Harry, you've lost your fortune.

Har. Yes, sir, but I've gained a brother; whose friendship (before I knew him to be such) I prized above the first fortune in England.

Rov. My dearest Rosalind!

Ame. Then, will you take our Charles.

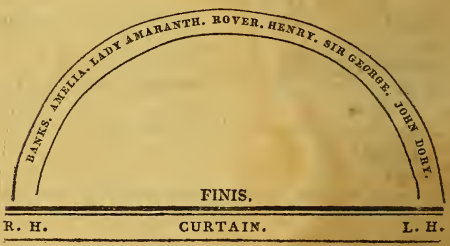
(To Lady Am.)

Lady Am. Yea; but only on condition thou bestowest thy fortune on his friend and brother, mine is sufficient for us, is it not?

Rov. Angelic creature !—to think of my generous friend—But now for "As You Like It." Where's Lamp and Trap—I shall ever love a play—A spark from Shakspeare's muse of fire, was the star that guided me through my desolate and bewildered maze of life, and brought me to these unexpected blessings.

To merit friends so good, so sweet a wife,
The tender husband be my part for life ;
My Wild Oats sown, let candid Thespian laws
Decree that glorious harvest—your applause.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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